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REVIEWS OF NEW BOOKS.

REFORMATION AND REVOLUTION IN ENGLAND.

*Life of Archbishop Laud, &c. Lingard's Hist. vii. &c.**

It is a just remark of one of those writers whose works have done the most, and the most unalloyed service towards clearing up the records of the past, for the enlightenment and guidance of the present, that the separation of the spiritual from the temporal authority, in its origin, instead of being a device of priestly tyranny, "instilling barren hearts with conscientious slavery," was, in intention as well as in effect, a vindication of the spiritual liberty of man, a last enclosure of what yet survived of mental cultivation in the midst of utter waste and barbarity—a sole asylum of oppressed and homeless intellect, where it might flourish and aspire, unchecked by feudal and hereditary bondage. It is true that its collective independence on all secular authority, proclaimed by the Church, was hardly, at the earliest period, founded on the rights of individual conscience. It is also true that, so soon as individual opinion could make itself heard in the relenting din of outrage and violence, that which had been the sanctuary of mind became its prison—the dark and fir-like forestry of monachism, which, with its formal lines, had sheltered fairer foliage from the tempest, was only fit to be lopped down as an obstruction to the mature and spreading honours of intelligence. And yet it would be cynical and wretched philosophy, unworthy of historians, unworthy of men, to judge an institution altogether by the vices, of which the germs seemed inoffensive in its origin, and of which the fruits have withered with its decay; or to heap with indiscriminating ignorant abuse the aids and appliances of national childhood, because they are dispensed with, or speedily to be so, in the manhood of civilisation.

Nor less absurd are the comments on a later period of history, when the principle of which the rude and general recognition belongs to the first ages of the Church, came to receive a more consistent and particular application, at the era of religious reforms. Setting down, with the habitual logic of half-instructed minds, the superficial forms and features of the epoch before them, as if these expressed its real and entire character, some have mistaken the half views and abortive struggles of the combatants as involving the whole meaning and results of the conflict. The Reformation, in their narrative, is nothing but a tissue of the motley freaks and follies of sects, with, of course, a salvo in favour of that pure and scriptural communion to which they themselves happen to belong. More especially, when they get to that momentous crisis, when the spirit of free inquiry, which had been roused by the Reformation, and which the narrow ecclesiastical policy of Elizabeth and James had been unable to lay, came at length into direct and hostile collision with those monstrous politico-religious jurisdictions, the deformed and hybrid progeny of Church and State, "a mighty maze without a plan" is all they can discover in the quick successive incidents of that memorable revolution.

* We have already taken some notice of the works of which the titles stand at the head of our present article; but the importance of their subject-matter appears to ask for more than we had hitherto leisure to bestow, either in the shape of direct criticism, or of general historical speculation.

They can neither conceive nor describe (except in the flash language of party) the mixed opinions and characters, necessarily produced by mixed religious and political influences, operating on, and modified by, immensely various individual natures. The evanescent shades of difference from others—the hidden fund of inconsistency with self—are alike undescribed and unsuspected by them. The Loyalist, avowing to his comrade an invincible contempt for the bishops,* the Presbyterian swerving from the bigotry of his sect, and the Independent mingling with obscure flights of enthusiasm the wisest maxims of policy and the largest views of tolerance, are characters as utterly unknown to them as the heroes of New Zealand tradition. Nor less unknown the impulses of popular commotion, although its violence be viewed with unreflecting disgust. For the outrages of established power are seldom undisguised with some exterior show of gravity and decency, unsustained by some authoritative precedent, unhallowed by some sacred name. But the justice of the people, how provoked soever, to heedless eyes must ever wear the aspect of aggression. With such, fanaticism must bear the blame of one revolution, as jacobinism that of another.

But, although the times of which we are speaking might be fertile of anomalies in speculative matters, of opinions ill-grounded and incongruous, originating in confused and inadequate perceptions of the nature and demands of the crisis; yet, on the other hand, the conduct of statesmen was, comparatively, exempt from that sort of vacillation, infirmity, or duplicity of purpose, which has been, it must be owned, the growth of later days; requiring for its nurture and encouragement a finer soil and more benign influences than were granted at that rough and honest era. The social interests which joined in that struggle were marked out with a degree of distinctness, and defended with a singleness of purpose, scarce conceivable in these days of moderation and of compromise. The old established principles of sovereignty stood committed in hostility with a power which, if not of recent origin, had put forth too recently effective claims to partnership in government, either to be received without resistance within the pale of recognised authority, or divided into manageable corps and factions. On the one side, prerogative, supported by the enervated and spiritless wreck of feudal nobility, by the maxims of the English law, and by the sermons of the state-clergy; on the other, the aspiring independent Commons, professing to restrict their claims within the legal limits of undoubted and repeatedly confirmed franchises, yet intent upon securities for freedom more ample than their charters could pretend to bestow, and, in effect, relying less upon prescription and parchments than on that formidable and growing strength of property and intelligence which were sufficient to secure their political preponderance, and to constitute the natural aristocracy of the land. However otherwise aristocratic in connexion might be many of the members of this body, the popular interest prevailed amongst them; nor was the struggle which arose for purely popular institutions definitively closed but by the return of Charles the Second.

And then took place a very different order of things. It seemed as if the Puritan severity of principle were to be followed and contrasted by

* Sir R. Varney.—See Clarendon's Life,

its utter abandonment,—as if the lofty wish of saving, in its own despite, a people yet unripe for working out its own welfare, had subsided in the base desire of making that people a tool to aid the low pursuits of selfish ambition. There might have been amusement in contemplating that scene of solemn hypocrisy unmasked and ridiculed,—of mock patriotism and sportive apostasy. But the moral of the play was too tremendous. Those figures drest as royalists, and churchmen, and patriots, were not mere mummers licensed to amuse a vacant hour; but men in authority, to whom was entrusted the government and instruction of a whole people. Great God! what governors—what instructors! And how fearful the event of their ministry! Yet, happily for England, the access of popular frenzy, of which the fruitful source may be found in popular ignorance, produced by the suppression of free discourse and inquiry—after the brilliant and shameful paroxysm of the Popish Plot, still left enough surviving of a better mind to prepare its wearied people for the sober acceptance of a mixed constitution and a modest enfranchisement.

Dr. Lingard's present volume is in no way remarkably distinguished from those which preceded it, except by the importance of the events which it records. It exhibits the same acuteness of research and general accuracy of statement, combined with philosophically calm deduction, which the public was prepared to expect from his pages; although these qualities are here and there obscured for a moment by the pardonable influence of that class of feelings which those who most exclaim against them in others, most unconsciously indulge themselves. Of this a notable example is afforded by the biography which now lies before us, and which is just such a production as at this day an apology for Laud might be expected to be. Not that we have the smallest wish to depreciate the really curious facts which may be found in these volumes, or to intercept whatever good impression may be made by the still more curious accompanying sentiments, in the quarters for which they are intended. Of the latter (the sentiments) some idea may be formed from the extracts which we made in a former article; of the former (the facts) we find it gratifying to record a single instance of the amiable pliancy, by which they are induced—not to distort or contradict themselves—but only to appear with such reserve and discretion as may best befit the author's conclusions:

"To assert that Laud persecuted men who were united with him in every point of Christian faith, is, to say the least, an evidence of very superficial knowledge, as no opinions can be more opposite than those of the liberal man, who believes that salvation is within the reach of every human being to whom it is preached, if he choose to accept it; and those of the gloomy Calvinist, who plunges into the secret things of God, presumptuously brings forward his dogma of predestination, and sets limits to the grace of God, which God himself never set. In this instance, Dr. Symonds' bigotry and littleness are farther evident. Nor is his assertion, that "the Prelate noted in his Diary the execution of the butchering sentences of the Star-Chamber and High Commission with the cool malignity of a fiend," in any respect more veracious. From this a reader would infer, that there are many such sentences recorded, whereas Leighton's is the solitary instance; even the sentence of Burton, Prynne, and Bastwick, in 1637, in many respects merited, which the frenzied authors of the "History of the Dissenters" designate "a most infamous tragedy," is not recorded

by Laud, though he delivered a speech on the occasion. And I greatly fear that Dr. Symmons' bigotry and inveterate prejudice precluded him from perusing the Diary, or the account of those transactions in which Laud was concerned. Ignorance is indeed in some measure an excuse; but, if the above sentiments were written after such a perusal, the writer is unpardonable.—Vol. i. pp. 529, 530.

Ignorance of Laud's Diary may perhaps be an excuse for Dr. Symmons, who was not writing his life; but ignorance of every writing of Laud, except his Diary, will hardly be an excuse for Mr. Lawson, in suppressing the invectives against sympathy with the sufferers which occur continually in the *Letters* of that prelate. Take an instance—

'A little more quickness in the Government would cure this itch of libelling. But what can you think of Thorough, when there shall be such slips in business of consequence? What say you to it, that Pryne and his fellows should be suffered to talk what they pleased while they stood in the pillory, and win exclamations from the people.'

Or the following:

'A prince that loseth the force and example of his punishment, loseth withal the greatest part of his dominion. If the eyes of the Triumviri be not sealed so close as they ought, they may perchance spy us out a shrewd turn, when we least expect it. I fear we are hugely mistaken, and misapplying our charity, thus pitying of them, where we should indeed much rather pity ourselves.'

Or the following:

'It is strange to see the frenzy which possesseth the vulgar now-a-days, and that the just displeasure and chastisement of a state should produce greater estimation, nay, reverence to persons of no consideration, either for life or learning, than the greatest and highest trusts and employments shall be able to procure for others of unspotted conversation, of most eminent virtues, and deepest knowledge; a grievous and over-spreading leprosy; but where you mention a remedy, sure it is not fitted for the hand of every physician; the cure, under God, must be wrought by one Esculapius alone, and this, in my weak judgment, to be effected by corrosives rather than lenitives: less than Thorough will not overcome it; there is a cancerous malignity in it, which long since rejected all other means, and therefore to God and him I leave it.'

We think it fair to quote the following account of Dr. Bastwick, as a favourable specimen of our author's zeal in collecting the matters of fact which form his premises, however oddly they may now and then be linked to his conclusions:

'Let us, however, turn to the "Letany," in which there is "An Universall Challenge to the whole world, to prove the parity of ministers not to be *jure divino*," and which Bastwick says, is "a booke very usefull and profitable for all good Christians to read, for the stirring up of devotion in them likewise, Prov. chap. xxv. ver. 2. Printed by the special procurement, and for the especial use of our English prelates, in the yeare of Remembrance, 1637." There is a libel in the very title-page; but he fulminates most lustily in the opening epistle, which he entitles, "John the Phisitian to the virtuous and elect Lady, the Lady Walgrave, at her house in Worminford, in Essex." "I dare boldly maintaine," saith this Medico-Mastix, "they (the Bishops) are more disobedient and worae than the devils themselves, to say nothing in passion and perturbation. Of all creatures, bishops, priests, and deacons, are most wicked, ungratefull, disobedient, and rebellious. The Lord Jesus saith, Bring those mine enemies to mee lither, that I may slay them that would not that I should rule over them. If slaughter to a kingdom be the preservation of it, then the prelates are the maintainers of it, for of all creatures they are the most rebellious and impious. Nay, I peremptorily affirm, that the prelates are worse than the devil." They are li' rook-catchers, soule-murdering hirelings, atheists, a commonwealth of rats." "The truth is," says he, "they are God's rebels, and enemies, both by the law of God and the land, to God and the King, and like the giants of old, warre against the clouds, and, if to say so be a scandall, I will live and die in it." "To say nothing of the Bishop of London, who was put into his office with such supreme dignity and incomparable majesty, as he seemed a great king or mighty emperor, to be inaugurated and installed in some superlative monarchy; see the prelate of Canterbury, in his

ordinary garb, riding from Croydon to Bagshot, with forty or fifty gentlemen well mounted attending upon him, two or three coaches, with four and six horses," &c., and in this style he proceeds in his railing, till he signs himself the virtuous and elect lady's "poore orator." But the other parts are, if possible, still worse. He talks of "Father William of Canterbury, his Holiness, and William London, Magnificent Rector of the Treasury,"—"the Prior of Canterbury there, William the Dragon, and your Abbey lubber of York, the oracle of the north." "I will stand to," says he; "I am resolved never to leave the field by flying, but to join battle, and fight against the great dragon, Father Antichrist, and against Gog and Magog, as long as I can stand upon my legs. For, had I as many lives as I have hairens on my head, I would be prodigal of them all in this cause; and had I as much blood in my veins as would swell the Thames, I would spill it every drop in the quarrel I am now embarked in. If Father William of Canterbury think that I am afraid of him, he is metropolitically mistaken; for I neither fear nor love him, neither is there any affection or passion in me so contemptible, that I deem him or any prelate in England, worthy to be an object of it." The Archbishop is styled his "Reverend Highness of Croydon;" and, "had not the prelates lived under a gracious prince, they would have been hanged for their doings." The Attorney-General is termed "Doctor Satan, the accuser of the brethren." Bishop Wren, "Saint Wren, now Pope of Norwich," and the office of a Bishop is, "the office of Satan, and Judas that Archbishop and Primate of traitors." In short, so hardened was his medical fanatic in his wickedness, that he ends his Litany in these words: "Hearre is the end of the First Part of the Letany of Doctor Bastwick, there are seven parts more of it yet to come."—Vol. ii. pp. 148—151.

CASWALLON.

Caswallon; or, the Briton Chief. A Tragedy, in Five Acts. By C. E. Walker, B.A., Author of 'Wallace,' a Tragedy. 8vo., pp. 83. Miller. London, 1828.

THE newspapers, we perceive, observe respecting 'Caswallon,' that it is a very excellent tragedy, exceedingly legitimate, poetical, and in short every thing that a drama should be, only that by some accident the author omitted to enliven it by the introduction of any character. This omission, of course, the newspapers explain away as exceedingly unimportant; but, at the same time, we cannot help thinking there was something ungenerous in alluding to the circumstance at all. If Mr. Walker had advertised in the papers, or in his title-page, that his was a tragedy with characters, he might with some shadow of reason be rallied at for not fulfilling the engagement. But we can find no such pledge any where. It is a tragedy, simply a tragedy. If Mr. Price want characters, 'an uncommon want' among theatrical managers,—and we must add a most imaginary want,—they should be contracted for separately. There is one individual on the establishment who undertakes to provide scenery and decorations; and why, we would humbly ask, if there is a need of such articles, should not that individual have an increase of salary, upon condition of his furnishing them likewise? To insist upon the playwrights providing them, is one of those exactions which we are sure the liberal mind of Mr. Price would never think of enforcing; and, should he do so, we, for one, were we a playwright, should follow the spirited example set us by Mr. Lindley and his co-resigners at the King's Theatre, in the full assurance that the managers would find it absolutely impossible to replace us by any German or French importations whatever. As the question is one important to a large and respectable body of the public, we wished to meet the critics of the daily press upon their own grounds. But we should have been more right to dispute the use of the word character, in this sense, altogether. It originates from an entire misconception of the principles of play-making. The introduction of characters is not so much an act of supererogation on the part of a playwright, as a positive offence against the duties of his calling; and for this plain reason—Every theatre has a company

of actors and actresses, who have been hired at a considerable expense, who are the characters, and whose characters it is important should be exhibited to the greatest possible advantage. Various classes contribute their assistance to promote this important object. Of these we consider the following as the best known and most important: the inventor of the dresses; the tailor or milliner, who makes them up; the posture master, who teaches the expression, feeling, and passion; the perfumer, who supplies the rouge; and lastly, the playwright, who supplies the names and the dialogue. Without attention to the distribution of parts,—and they might be still more minutely subdivided,—it is impossible to determine the limits of the province which we are now considering; but, this being premised, we may now proceed to Mr. Walker's tragedy.

In finding NAMES for the actors, we think Mr. Walker has been very successful, and is deserving of the highest praise. The great art in this department is to preserve a gradation of euphony according to the rank of the performers in public estimation,—the best actor having the best name; the second-rate actor, the next best; and so on: the prima, seconda, and terza donna being, of course, fitted on the same principle.* At the same time, it is well, where it can be helped, not to offend the inferior herd by any very ill-sounding or offensive designations. Mr. Walker has arranged this very cleverly. Mr. Young's name for the night is Caswallon, with which we are sure he has every reason to be satisfied. The inferiority of Mr. Cooper is very evident; and yet there is nothing to wound his feelings in the name of Arny Fitz-Edward. Again, the rising talents of Miss Phillips are admirably flattered by the pretty appellation of Eva, while we really think, considering Miss Curtis is at present very little known, she cannot consider herself ill-treated in being called Goervyl. So far all is well; and, if the other half of the business be as well executed, we shall have no hesitation in saying, that Mr. Walker is a master in his craft. But, as the lady who wrote the prologue to the tragedy remarks,

'But to the test—the expected scenes appear:
Caswallon speaks, and generous Britons hear.'

We will first try the 'generous Britons' with a passage upon which we are sure Mr. Walker piqued himself; and with reason, for it is admirably appropriate to call forth the voice of the actor for whom it was written, and what greater merit can there be than this?

(Enter Carador and Hoel.)

Car. 'Tis this way, then, he must have pass'd.
Hoel. And lo!

Where the broad arms of yon outspreading oak
Embrace a secret dwelling.—We will enter.—

'Tis haply there that—

Mad. (advancing.) Hold, rude man—nor tempt
Mine order's curse.—What would'st thou?

Car. Sire revered,
We bend before thee.

Mad. Wherefore have ye sought,
From the far world, these desert shades?—A spot
Sacred to holiest solitude; and e'en
From the first birth of nature, unprofaned
By sound of steel, or sight of armed men.

Car. Thy pardon, that we rudely dare to break
Upon its privacy.—If known the cause,
It surely might absolve us.

Mad. Briefly tell it.

Hoel. As briefly answer.—Shrouds not yon lone
hut
The chief, Caswallon?

Mad. Whence hadst thou the thought
To find him here?

Car. He cross'd us even now.—
Nay, think not, holy Bard, we trace his steps
With traitorous aim.—Too well we know the price
That barbarous England sets on his brave head—
And oh! too well, what harlot charms hath gold,
E'en in the eyes of our own countrymen.

* The late Mr. Dibdin, we believe, never allowed more than two syllables to the name of an actress receiving less than ten guineas a night.

But with far other hopes we seek Caswallon.
We follow him, to place within his grasp
The avenger's sword.—It now awaits his wielding.
Let him but lead the way in freedom's path—
And know, there are not wanting, through the land,
Hearts prompt to dare, and hands to execute.

(Caswallon here re-appears at the door of the hut.)
And. I hear thee, and am lost in strange amazement.
Mean'st thou, that Cambria, our poor bleeding country,
Hath dared again?—

Cara. To shake the tyrant's foot
From her down-trodden neck!—I tell thee, Father,
That, did I blow but one blast of this bugle,
The sound should summon forth from their retreat
Two thousand armed Britons.—Hear'st thou that?
A band, that, were Caswallon but to head them,—
Were he, who now is absent—

Cas. (unable to restrain his emotion, and rushing forward.) No—he's here!—

Here at thy side.—Thou heavenly messenger
Of life and light, where all around was darkness!
Oh, instant sound the trumpet—or take me hence
To yon bright spot, irradiate with the shine
Of spirits like thee, and the last drop of blood
In these full veins shall fall for them and freedom!

Heol. Thou honour'd warrior, who for sixteen years
Invisible to every eye hast been—
Do we again behold thee?

Gus. And thou risest
Beautiful in thy strength, my native country!
And thou hast girded on thy sword of valour,
And with the iron heel of indignation
Hast spurn'd the spurner from thee!—The loud sum-
mons

To liberty and vengeance has gone forth
Amid thy mountains!—Snowden, the great king,
Hath issued it—and Idris echoed back
The inspiring sound!—Aye, shout, ye hills!—high lift
Thy everlasting heads, and shout for joy!—
Ye shall be free!—ye shall again be free!

Now, conceive this roared forth at the highest
pitch of his melodious voice by Mr. Young, and
then deny that Mr. Walker is an admirable play-
wright. The deafening three times three and
'one cheer more,' which must have followed the
words, ring in our ears.

The galleries, the great gods,
Have issued it, and the pit echoed back
The inspiring sound. Shout ye boxes, lift high
Your bonnet-buried heads, and shout for Young!

But our praise must be confined to the last
paragraph. We object to the early part of the
passage, because it does not seem consistent
with the general order of nature and the har-
mony of the green-room, that all the inferior
actors should be allowed to talk in heroics. We
do not, of course, complain of this arrange-
ment upon any mystical or metaphysical grounds
—we do not, for an instant, mean to assert that
there should be any difference between the lan-
guage of the same men at different times—and
when they have different wants to express. We
know that tragical persons should get upon stilts,
both when they are running for their lives, and
when they are taking an ordinary evening's walk.
We know perfectly well, that, when Shakspeare
would have said, 'unbutton my waistcoat,' a mo-
dern playwright ought to say,

'Loosen the foldings of my second garment
That with its heavy weight confines my chest,
Presses my heart down, chokes my utterance,
And will not let me speak a single word.'

(though he has just spoken four lines :) we know,
in short, that the poetical diction in which no one
actually speaks at any time, is that in which the
persons in these tragedies ought to speak at all
times. But this is not the question. It is, whe-
ther an actor who only earns, say 4*l.* a week, has
a right to say as fine things as another actor who
earns 20*l.* a night.

We think not, and we think there is great reason
to fear a very serious disturbance, equal to
the O.P. rows, but proceeding from behind the
scenes instead of before them, if men are thus
taken out of the station which Providence has
assigned them.

The following is a scene between Mr. Cooper
and Miss Phillips who have fallen in love with
each other, and are never likely to meet again.

The coolness which they display under these
distressing circumstances is truly exemplary, and
raises those eminent performers very much in our
estimation.

Fitz.-Ed. My prayers are vain!—I've warn'd them
and they scorn me!

As though my father, from his banning lips,
Breathed a contagious spirit—all—all—reject me.
(Observing Eva.) Ah! but thou still art here.—Angelica
sweetness!

That did'st with tender and compassionate aim
Lift up thy pleading voice: yet, what avails it?
Thou art thy country's Princess—and even thou
Must with the rest despise me.—

Eva. Heaven forefend—
Despise thee!—

Fitz.-Ed. And thou dost not?—And at least—
All blessings light upon thee!—there is one
Who doth not quite abhor me—who reveres
The claims of gratitude, and owns their force:—
Heaven, for this sweetening in my cup of gall,
I thank thee!—

Eva. Hear me, thou exalted youth.—
Ere yet we part never to meet again,
Hear, while I speak one last and hurried word.—
There was a time thy providential arm
Wrought me a signal service.—Out upon
A most unworthy girl, who scarcely since
Hath proffer'd thee the bare return of thanks.—

Fitz.-Ed. Unworthy!—Princess—

Eva. Nay, reply not now.—
The minutes speed, and we must haste our parting.—
Take, then, the only recompense, save thanks,
A grateful heart can make thee, this small chain;
And let it be to thee, in after times,
Mid happier scenes, a slight remembrancer
Of one—who would not have thee—quite forget her.—
(throwing it over his neck.)

Now—now—farewell—(turning away.)

Fitz.-Ed. Stay yet—thou heavenly maid!
Trust me there needed not a link like this
To bind thee to my bosom.—Since the day
When, as some sweet presentment in a dream,
Thy transient form first shot athwart my view,
Here hath it lived—down—down, tumultuous heart.—
What is it I have said? Forgive me, Princess—
And yet, an hour ago—and I had deem'd
This might have been—

Eva. I must not hear thee.—

Fitz.-Ed. No.
'Twere madness now to think it.—Then—oh! then
It was no sin—no wild extravagant hope—
But I have held thee, Eva, to my bosom—
Have felt thy throbbing heart to mine—have pressed,
Forgive the free avowal—(taking her hand)—on thy
lips

Have pressed—
Eva. Release me.—At a time like this,
Such thoughts are sinful.

Fitz.-Ed. The rebuke is just.—
Go.—Go.—But we may meet again.—But leave me
That blessed hope.

Eva. It must not be.—Nay, deem me not, I pray
thee,

Thankless, or cold, or cruel; but the slave
Of hard imperious duty.—We must part.—
But oh! think kindly of me!—do not hate
My memory—mid the gay and glittering scenes
That now demand my presence, give at times
A thought to the lone wanderer of the hills;
Who in her constant orisons to Heaven
Will not forget Fitz-Edward.—Fare thee well—
Would that I were not forced to add—for ever! Exit.

Fitz.-Ed. She's gone:—and now I may defy thee,
Fate—

The latest arrow of thy wrath is sped!
Hark! 'twas the tramp of martial men.—They haste
Headlong, with outspread arms, to clasp perdition.
My father! is there not a voice will warn—
A hand will snatch thee from the perilous verge
Whereon thou stand'st? And thou, oh Eva, thou—
A tender maid, mid clashing hosts exposed—
But no—all guardlessness thou shalt not be.
Still, though unseen, I'll hover near thee, still
Be as a shield of fire—far—far to scare
Each ravaging hound of war that would molest thee!
Exit.

We have not room for any further extracts.

We shall probably be accused of not having
written this article in that kindly spirit of criti-
cism which we cultivate as much from taste as
upon principle, and from which, we trust, the

paltry vanity of exciting our readers to laugh, or
the more malevolent gratification of wounding the
feelings of an author, will never induce us to
swerve. But, be it ever remembered, these
writers of five act dramas in rattling heroic
verses, who never degenerate into vulgarisms, or de-
part, as they would express it, for a single instant
from the gravity which befits the Tragic Muse, are
the very persons who indulge in the most conceit-
ed taunts at the expense of all genius of a
higher order than their own. It is these men and
their admirers who have drivelled about the
coarseness of our old dramatists: it is they who
have proclaimed Shakspeare an irregular genius,
who wrote, without law or method, in the
worst in the world: it is they who date the com-
mencement of polish and perfection from the ap-
pearance of 'Cato,' and who conceive that
common sense and refinement can only exist
in the utter dearth and vacuity of thought and
meaning. They are the hawkers who retail all the
petty jokes which circulate in society against the
men who in our own day have dared to be origi-
nal—their is the supercilious sneer against the
childishness of Peter Ball—their is the silly simper
about those who call the 'Lyrical Ballads' poetry
—their is the conceited affectation of ignorance
which sets down 'Christabel' as a very fine poem
to those who know what it means. It is idle to
say that such persons are not worth the trouble of
an exposure, or that they are too weak to exert
any influence. The influence which they used to
possess through the press is undoubtedly at an
end: they dare not vent their impertinencies in
great reviews, as they once did; or, if they did,
they would be laughed at. But in society they
are not weak—they do exert an influence, and
exert it there where it is most pernicious. If
their conversation were confined to our sex, we
should dread it as little as their writings; for on
those men who could be induced by it to laugh
at a great poet, that poet would never produce
any valuable effect. But with women the case is
different: all women, without a single exception,
in the present day, read poetry: it produces greatly
more impression upon them than upon us; and
yet from the imperfect cultivation of their under-
standings, they are constantly liable to be led astray
by empirics who talk about it. It is of immense im-
portance that they should not be led astray: it is of
immense importance that the love of the beauti-
ful which nature has planted in their hearts,
should be nursed and cultivated, as a counter-
action to the evil influences which they receive
from education and society: it is of immense im-
portance they should not be permitted to admire
what is feeble and debasing. For their sakes, we
are determined to expose the mawkishness of
our modern drama. They have been told to laugh
at men of genius; we will teach them to laugh at
men without it: they have heard that there are
persons who rely upon the gifts of nature, and
despise the laws of art; we will prove to them
that the men who have none of the gifts of na-
ture, are palpably ignorant of the laws of art:
they have heard that there are spirits who soar
into the skies far above the comprehensions
of vulgar mortals; we will convince them
that there are people who are equally hid-
den from view by the dust under which they
crawl. All this we propose to do—and that we
may do it, we are compelled, in a certain degree,
to adopt a language very different from our
vernacular one. We cannot judge men by those
high laws, which they do not comprehend, and
the validity of which they deny. We cannot
measure them by standards which they scoff at.
We must talk with them in a manner which they
can understand, however bad that manner may
be: just as, in case we were thrown into the com-
pany of a person who could speak and could learn
no other, we should strive to acquire even the
poorest of the world's dialects, though it were
Kamschatkan, or even French. The language
of banter and ridicule is that in which they are

in the habit of conversing: we will try, in concession to their weakness, whether it is not possible for us, also, to learn such a stock of the words and phrases of this tongue as will enable us, if not to talk in their own fluent style, at least to make ourselves sufficiently understood for all ordinary purposes.

AMERICAN ANNUAL REGISTER.

American Annual Register, for the Year 1826-7.

THE last good thing that we look for at the hands of our transatlantic brethren, is a history. They may write political treatises, *ad infinitum*, though most of them are too weighty (with truths or something else) to cross the Atlantic; there is no reason why they should not now and then indite a decent sermon; they have produced novels not a few; but it will be long, very long indeed, before they will produce a history. A nation which has no past life, whose inhabitants have no recollections beyond the generation immediately preceding them, are ignorant in general of the classics, and have never cultivated those habits of reflection upon the history of their own minds, which (if that habit ever existed without national feelings) might supply the want of them:—such a nation must be content to dispense with this important branch of literature.

It is well, however, for the Americans to practise composition of this kind, though they cannot hope to arrive at any great success in it; and it is still better if they can contrive to turn their practice to some account, besides the indirect one of giving a more historical direction to their minds. This end they can accomplish in no better way than by writing annals of the occurrences which are passing each year under their eyes. Such writings must want all the principal and highest characteristics of a history; but, as 'The English Annual Register,' while it was under the direction of Burke, proved most clearly, it may embody much of the spirit of history, and may lay up a store of immense advantage to generations of future writers. Of this kind is the work before us, which, we are happy to say, displays a much more practical, as well as a more Catholic spirit, than we are wont to observe in American publications. The writers, as will be perceived from the following extracts, have a bias in favour of the Adams party; but they are moderate and liberal in their advocacy.

During the long and peaceful administration of Mr. Monroe, the public mind had been unusually tranquil. The bitterness of party spirit had subsided, and the leaders of the conflicting parties into which the nation had been divided, forgetting their past differences, were often seen harmoniously co-operating to advance the general interests. The citizens, who had in former times been stimulated by an active political zeal, now remembered they were politicians, only when they were called upon to act as electors, and amalgamated almost into one mass the American people, with an unparalleled unanimity, approved of the policy of the federal government. This satisfaction with the conduct of their rulers, unfortunately manifested itself in too great an indifference towards public concerns, and the electors did not scrupulously examine the conduct of their representatives, nor nicely canvass their pretensions to popular favour, so long as the measures of the Government did not come into collision with their private pursuits. In consequence of this indifference, a class of mere politicians appeared in public life, who were indebted for their success to the absence of all powerful excitement, and of those strong motives which call into the service of the nation men of commanding talents.

The machinery and organization of parties, which, in the heat of the political conflict, have the effect of concentrating the suffrages of the electors upon candidates selected when there exists no indifference as to success, now promoted the views of men, who owed their advancement solely to a pliancy of principle and a ready subservience to the will of others.

In this state of things, it was easy to produce a factitious political sentiment in legislative bodies, very different from the deliberate opinion of the community. The yeomanry of the country, and the industrious in-

habitants of the towns and cities, reluctantly yield their attention to intricate political questions, and are slow to form an independent judgment as to conflicting opinions, especially when parties are in an embryo state. It is not, however, so difficult to gain the attention of those who are jealous of power, and who drink with a thirsty ear all reports derogatory to those who administer the Government. This jealousy, although praiseworthy in itself, may be carried to excess; and, when it loses its power of discrimination, it is ready to confound liberal expenditure for what is necessary with extravagance, and to charge the accidents and misadventures, to which all human affairs are subject, and from which the complicated concerns of Government are not exempt, upon the incapacity or negligence of those who administer it.

With the view of enlisting the prejudices of this class against the administration, charges of extravagance were freely made against those now at the head of the Government; resolutions were introduced into Congress, insinuating rather than asserting, that the patronage of the executive was too great; and it was proposed to vest such checks upon it in the legislative branch of the Government, as in effect to confer the appointing power upon that department. The ordinary and established expenditures of the Government were examined with new and unexampled rigour, for the purpose of producing the belief that they originated with the present administration; and an assertion on the part of the President of his constitutional right to appoint, in the vacation of Congress, diplomatic agents to transact the foreign business of the country, was construed into a usurpation of a new and unconstitutional power. Exceptions were also taken to certain of his recommendations to Congress, as indicating a wish for a magnificent and expensive scheme of government, and a tendency towards consolidation on the part of the federal authorities. These objections, which at first were confined to that class of politicians who contended for a strict and narrow construction of the constitution, were not at once adopted by the friends of the Vice-president. They professed to found their opposition on the corrupt origin of the administration, and asserted that it was the clear and manifest will of the people, that General Jackson should be elected President.

This portion of the opposition, (for it was obvious that there was no cordial agreement between the two sections of the party, either as to the powers of the Government or the mode of administering it,) at once declared open hostility against the administration, and proceeded to nominate a candidate for the presidency. In conformity with one of the grounds of opposition, they fixed upon General Jackson, who, in the month of October, 1825, was nominated by the Legislature of Tennessee as a candidate in opposition to Mr. Adams. This nomination was formally accepted by him, in an address delivered before both branches of the Legislature, in which he resigned his seat in the senate of the United States. After stating that he was originally induced to accept the station he then held, because he understood that he would not be required to serve longer than for the term of one Congress, he says, that he still would continue if any important service could be performed; but that he was not aware of any important business likely to be brought before Congress, except an amendment of the constitution in relation to the choice of a chief Magistrate.

He then alluded to the nomination of himself as a candidate, and proceeded as follows:

"Thus situated,—my name presented to the free-men of the United States for the first office known to the constitution,—I could not, with any thing of approbation on my part, consent either to urge or encourage an alteration, which might wear the appearance of being induced by selfish considerations—by a desire to advance my own views. I feel a thorough and safe conviction, that the imputation would be ill founded, and that nothing could prompt me to any active course, on that subject, which my judgment did not approve; yet, as from the late events it might be inferred that the prospects of your re-nomination could be rendered probable only by the people having the choice given to them direct, abundant room would be afforded to ascribe any exertions of mine to causes appertaining exclusively to myself. Imputations thus made, would be extremely irksome to any person of virtuous and independent feeling; they would certainly prove so to me; and hence the determination to retire from a situation where strong suspicions might at least attach, and with great seeming propriety. I hasten, therefore, to tender this my resignation into the hands of those who conferred it, that, in the exercise of their constitutional rights,

they may confide it to some one deserving their confidence and approbation."

After commenting upon the amendments proposed, and approving of them, on account of their removing the election entirely from Congress, he recommended an additional provision, making all Members of Congress ineligible to any office under the general Government, excepting judicial offices, during their term of service, and for two years thereafter. He concluded in the following manner:

"We know human nature to be prone to evil; we are early taught to pray, that we may not be led into temptation; and hence the opinion, that by constitutional provision, all avenues to temptation, on the part of our political servants, should be closed."

"My name having been before the nation for the office of chief Magistrate during the time I served as your senator, placed me in a situation truly delicate; but delicate as it was, my friends do not, and my enemies cannot, charge me with *detaching from the independent ground then occupied, with degrading the trust reposed on me, by intruding for the presidential chair.* As, by a resolution of your body, you have thought proper again to present my name to the American people, I must entreat to be excused from any further service in the senate; and to suggest, in conclusion, that it is due to myself to practise upon the maxims recommended to others; and hence, feel constrained to retire from a situation where temptations may exist, and suspicions arise of the exercise of an influence tending to my own aggrandisement."

The strong insinuations in this address against the propriety of the last election by Congress, plainly indicated his dissatisfaction at the result, and manifested a willingness to sanction an opposition to the administration, on the ground of its corrupt origin. This same ground was taken by the adherents of the Vice-president, in the discussion on the amendment proposed to the constitution by Mr. M'Duffie, in the first session of the nineteenth Congress. These insinuations were at that time warmly repelled, and none seemed disposed to rely upon this ground of opposition, except that class of politicians, who in all questions of the constructive power of the federal Government, and the mode of administering it, agreed rather with the friends, than the opponents of the administration.

This discordance in the materials of the opposition, prevented any harmonious concert of action and purpose at the first session of Congress; but during the vacation and the succeeding session, great progress was made towards a stricter union between its different divisions, and before the adjournment the party had assumed a consistent shape. At what time this more intimate union took place, it is difficult to ascertain; but, shortly before the termination of the second session of the nineteenth Congress, a leading opposition member from Virginia announced to the public, that the combinations for effecting the elevation of General Jackson were nearly complete, and, in fact, greater concert was manifested in their party movements after that time. During the session several topics were introduced, developing the principles of the opposition, and arraying the parties more distinctly against each other. Among these may be enumerated, the bankrupt act, the bills for the gradual improvement of the navy, authorizing dry docks and a naval school, the appropriations for surveys and internal improvement, the controversy respecting the Greek treaty, the bills augmenting the duty on imported woollens, and closing the ports of the United States against British vessels from the colonies, after a limited period. On all these subjects the opposition party took ground, either from a real difference in sentiment from the friends of the administration, or from an unwillingness to permit any measure to succeed, which could reflect credit upon them. So great was this opposition to the business before Congress, during the last session, that it was generally believed that the minority had concerted to stop the passage of all important bills, for the purpose of rendering those administering the government unpopular. The ordinary business of each day was opposed, with almost the same vehemence, as that which had a political bearing. In this manner much of both sessions was consumed, and as the adjournment of congress approached, many important bills were lost for want of time to mature their details, and to reconcile the two Houses upon points which a little reflection would have placed in a clear point of view. Pp. 18—23.

The following extract is instructive—to whom, we leave the writer on the American Constitution

in the last Number of 'The Westminster Review' to answer:

'The temporary interests of certain portions of the mercantile community, are often brought into collision with the permanent interests of the country; and any suspension of their gains, even for their general benefit, is submitted to with an ill grace. They are too apt to believe that their own government has been unreasonable, and that greater sacrifices might have been made for the purpose of preserving a trade, which in their estimation was vitally important. This disposition creates among a portion of the trading community, materials, of which the opposition in this government has always been prompt to avail itself; and the opposition to the present administration eagerly sought, to render the discontent on account of the loss of the colonial trade, subservient to their political designs.

'The interested feelings of all concerned in the colonial trade, would naturally enlist them against an administration, which, they might be easily led to believe, had deprived them of a lucrative traffic; and every effort was made to throw the blame of its loss on the American Government. It was accused of having neglected to improve the favourable moment of terminating the negotiation; and its wish of arranging the terms of the intercourse with the islands by a mutual agreement, was imputed to an undue fondness for diplomacy.'—P. 62.

Our readers will be interested in an American character of Mr. Canning.

'His life, and the particulars of his political career, belong to the department of biography. His character as a politician, in order to be fairly estimated, should be viewed with reference to the fact, that he was emphatically a British minister, purely and exclusively British; in his education, feelings, principles, temper, in every thing, indeed, which goes to constitute the peculiarities of a consummate statesman. In condemning some of Mr. Canning's official writings, in which the language of the rhetorician and man of wit occasionally broke in, to relieve the formal staidness of diplomatic composition, Americans should be careful not to exhibit too much sensitiveness of feeling, lest the censure bestowed upon him should be charged to national prejudice. We freely admit, that all departures from the established style of diplomacy are extremely hazardous and unsafe, and seldom produce a salutary effect; and we think Mr. Canning erred, in permitting himself to indulge a tone of ill-timed sarcasm, upon more than one occasion, in his correspondence with ministers of the United States. But this was a blemish in his character which ought not to blind us to his many and pre-eminent merits. Americans should be slow to depreciate the reputation of a statesman, who, in the maturity of his understanding and the zenith of his power, was most assailed for his attachment to liberal institutions, and for acts in which that attachment was displayed. Mr. Canning was the first living orator of Great Britain. He was devotedly attached to literature; and by means of his literary excellence was originally introduced into public notice. His uniform and consistent support of the claims of the Catholics, and the manly and independent principles of his foreign policy, sufficiently show that he had caught the spirit of the age, and dared to act in conformity with its dictates.'—Pp. 333, 334.

OPENING OF THE SIXTH SEAL.

The Opening of the Sixth Seal. A Sacred Poem. 12mo., pp. 180. Longman. London, 1829.

Our monthly and quarterly contemporaries are in the habit of sneering at the judgments of us, the hebdomadal critics, because, say they, it is impossible that, in the space of two or three days, a book of ordinary size can be more than half read, and quite impossible by any half-reading process to arrive at a notion of its general merit. Now, this, with deference to our censors, is sheer absurdity, and, what is worse than absurdity, hypocrisy.

We assert, that of nine-tenths of the books that are forwarded to us from the respective stalls whence they have issued, the most full, important, and complete judgment may be formed in the space not of three days, but of three hours; and we assert, moreover, that there is not an editor of any periodical in London, who does not practically act upon this great principle, and who would not think it a culpable waste of time to bestow

any longer reading upon these books than we, by the showing of our opponents, are able to yield them.

We will add yet further, that a man who fancies that, when an ordinary book comes before him, he must have one month or three months to digest it in, before he can give a conscientious verdict respecting it, will never give a conscientious verdict at the end of that time. He who has not a standard in his mind, obtained from previous thinking and reading, which enables him to say of a drivelling book, 'This is drivelling,' after reading it once over in a cursory manner, may despair of ever making the discovery, if he pores over it for a twelvemonth or a millenium. And what is the great additional difficulty of being able, at the same time, to refer the book in question to its appropriate head of drivelling—of saying, 'This is sentimental drivelling—this is egotistical drivelling—this man knows that he is drivelling, and is proud of it—this man exists in blissful ignorance of the melancholy fact:—what, we say, is the great difficulty of all this? To a well-arranged mind, none whatever; and, if our minds are ill-arranged, we shall succeed as little in a quarterly as in a weekly review.

With a decided work of genius, the same is true on exactly the opposite ground. A weekly critic cannot get to the bottom of the work—cannot discover all its hidden meanings—cannot bring up to the surface all the rich ore which lies embedded there; but so neither can a monthly, nor a quarterly, nor an annual, nor a lustral, nor a centenarian reviewer. And he can say with a full and deeply grounded confidence: 'This is a work of genius. I feel, I know it to be one: it speaks to me; it has entered into my feelings in a way which no work not having that character, could have done; and, though I cannot tell you one millionth part of the good which it contains,—though it has much, infinitely much, which no line of mine will ever fathom,—yet I do from my heart recommend it to you, as a work in which you will each find treasures suitable to your estate and condition.'

There are, however, and we do not wish to dissemble it, some works, bearing, indeed, a very small proportion to the whole multitude which issue from the English press,—but still enough to constitute a class, on which a weekly critic, unless his mind is more thoroughly matured than we profess to consider our own, has no right to express a sudden judgment. To this class especially belong a great many poems published in this age, where the *méchante* of poetry has been carried into such perfection, that a critic may, on the one hand, well tremble to pronounce an opinion in its favour, when it does not possess any of the certain footmarks of genius; though, at the same time, he ought even more carefully to beware of discouraging an author, merely because he does not at once discover those clear indications, which have often not appeared in the early writings of the greatest men. To praise a man as a poet, merely because he was a successful verse-writer, would betray a gross want of experience; to deny him that claim, because he had this merit, would show an equal want of candour and sense.

'The Opening of The Sixth Seal' has thrown us into a difficulty of this kind; and, as we know not how to untie the knot, we shall cut it. The poem has pleased us; but we dare not pronounce decisively on its merit. We will, therefore, quote a passage by which our readers may judge for themselves, at the same time assuring the writer, that he has so far entertained us, that we shall return with great pleasure to the consideration of the poem, when we can speak of it more to our own satisfaction.

'But though all love, and nature's fondest ties,
And doubt, and unbelief, and joy, and hope,
And all the soft affections of the heart,
In horror and despair had passed away,—
Yet faith failed not, nor shrunk the Christian then
From coming judgment;—he looked on the sky,

And at the terrible crashings, and the jar
Of shocking systems, and the lurid flames
Of fire-star distant gleaming, and the roar
Of rushing planets trembled and was pale,
For none could dreadless such a scene behold;—
But he, believing, for the coming God
Waited, and fearless of the Judgment throne,
And the Redeemer's glory pondered much,
Upon the heaven path, for his angel train,
Anxiously gazing. So the burning worlds
And perishing Creation were to him
Most awful things, but he beheld in them
Celestial beings beckoning to the realms
Of bliss eternal, and to him the flames
Were as the pathway to a ceaseless heaven.

'The multitudes that on the desolate vault
Were gazing, and the fear-struck faces raised,
Quivering and quailing, to the lurid sky,
Oh! how can fancy frame?—If, on the stars
That, in their fearful flight, sped over them,
Was aught of being, and, upon their eyes,
Fear had not flung his mantle as they fled,
Swifter than flies the heaven flash from the cloud,
How sad a sight it must have been to look,
Though but a moment, upon this near earth;—
For there were myriad eyes upturned, of youth,
Once brightly beaming, and of haggard age,—
Love-glancing orbs of azure hue upraised,
And the dark-flashing glare of warrior stern.
Many a fair hand, to the heavenly way
Extended then, waved forth imploringly:—
And sightless eye-balls sought the place of woe,
As they would trace the horrors gathering there.
Soft, silken ringlets, by the sportive hand
Of nature woven, and dark flowing curls,
And silvery locks, time-ballooned, in the sweep
Of rushing flames, waved tremulous, as wave
The restless grass blades in the North wind's breath.
Thousands on thousands thronging stood, where once
Some far-famed city raised its mighty domes,
And its illimitable walls, and towers,
And monstrous temples, and huge palaces,
Mocking the mountains, that, in humbled pride,
Raised their cloud-covered summits, nodding high!
All forms of beauty, and all forms abhorred,
Together thronged in undistinguished groups:—
And the rich heeded not the poor who grasped
His trembling arm, and on the tyrant hung
The fearless slaves, by mutual horror stayed,
That sigh with sigh, and prayer with prayer, upsent,
Together sought the place of the Most High.
The shrieking infant, and the shuddering youth,
And helpless age, and beautiful maid, and wife,
And son, and sire, and child, and mother, thronged
In one vast group, nor heeded of the forms,
Once loved like life, that wailing stood by them;—
But each sent up a sigh, and a deep groan,
And a low-muttered prayer for himself,
But none implored for others. So they stood,
Staring upon the heaven vault, and so sad
Must they have seemed to those who fitted by,
Borne on the bosom of some bounding star,
And yet more fearful, for, upon the cheeks,
Pale and woe-sunken, and the straining eyes
That were upturned, the dim, red, rayless glow
Of the on-speeding world reflected fell,
And the eyes sent the horror back again.

'Oh! have ye never, in the mid-watch hour,
When leaden sleep lies heavy on the brow,
And the blood, fevered, through the throbbing pulse
Rushes convulsively, some dreary dream
Pictured in the night glooms, all dim and dull,
Yet seeming terrible,—when thought hath glanced,
While the frame slumbereth, to another sphere,
But not of bliss, and wandereth up and down
A dark and desolate void, where never light
Speedeth, and where the wanderings never end.
Then the sleep-woven spectre of the soul,
After long struggling, wingeth from the void
To seek new horrors, and far off ye see
Strange, visionary forms, that not of earth
Nor of heaven be, and they all noiseless flit
Before, behind, above, beneath ye there,
A host, innumerable as the ocean sands;
Their spectral hues, flame painted, and the glare
Of their fire-flashing eyes, most fearfully
Rack the hag-haunted breast, till from her sleep
Nature upstarteth with the agony,
And, shuddering, ye recall the unearthly forms,
And ponder on their hues, sickening the soul,
Till ye look on them as the things that were.

'And so, if on the wild stars that fled by
Was aught of being, seemed the distant groups.

That gazed upon their swift flight, and the cheek,
Pale as the purest snow-sheet, and the eye
Caught the red hues of what it looked upon,
And, like the spectre shadows of the dream,
Dim and unearthly were.

'Such, when the tramp,
Loud pealing, stayed the systems in the path
Which they had traced in harmony and love,
Was the sad scene;—all that was beautiful
Faded, and all things that were bright grew dark,
Love died in the commotion, and Hope died;
But Faith failed not, nor did the Christian fear,
Though trembled he to view the desolate scene.'

ANTIQUITIES OF NORTH AMERICA.

Nachrichten über die frühern Einwohner, &c.—Account of the earlier Inhabitants of North America; and of the Memorials of them now extant. Collected by F. W. Assall, and published, with an Introductory Notice, by F. J. Moenc. 8vo. Heidelberg, 1828.

This interesting publication is the production of a minor, who served as a common soldier under the orders of San Martin, the South American leader, in 1818, and subsequently settled in the States of Ohio and Pennsylvania. On his return to Germany, the editor induced him to commit to paper an account of such North American antiquities as had attracted his attention and inquiries; and he was thus enabled to present the public with a series of notices respecting the earliest periods of American civilization, which possess far more of interest and value than many a ponderous quarto of the 'passing hour.'

Much has been said and written respecting the antiquities of the North American Continent, and especially those of the State of Ohio. The endeavour to reconcile them with a European origin has given rise to the most absurd blunders, conjectures, and exaggerations. Sensible of the detriment which has resulted from this mode of treating the subject, our present inquirer has striven to shake off the trammels which previous writers have imposed upon their inferences; and, though he has not omitted to peruse whatever has been hitherto published on the point at issue, he has sought to dismiss all bias or prejudice from his mind, in accounting for the origin of the singular memorials which have undergone his personal investigation.

He is of opinion that a rigid line of demarcation must be drawn between the remains of the Aborigines, and the scanty and unimportant vestiges which occur of the earlier Europeans and Indian tribes. The former of these, the origin of which is involved in mystery, are spread over extensive districts, and afford evident proofs that their authors must have been acquainted with many of the useful arts. The superficies they occupy, and the regularity of their structure, no less than the frequency of their occurrence, are well calculated to strike the beholder with astonishment; and it is the more incumbent, therefore, upon the present age, seeing that every successive year records their gradual spoliation by the rude hands of encroaching settlers, that their present state should be faithfully chronicled.

Among the *aboriginal* vestiges we find walls, ditches, wells, and other remains of buildings, many of them of considerable extent, which, when in a perfect state, were evidently constituent parts of human habitations; burial places, enclosures for pastimes, temples, camps, forts, places of arms, and even towns and villages. The northernmost of these antique memorials are situated on the southern shore of Lake Ontario; and the more extensive are found at Circleville and Chillicothe, to the south of the Scioto River; but the most remarkable of all of them is that which has been discovered on the Paintbrush. Their size and numbers increase as they approximate to the Gulf of Mexico; and our author has given us ten lithographical outlines on a small folio scale, drawn from the most interesting of these ruins, which bear a great resemblance to those of ancient Syracuse, as depicted by modern tourists.

One of these memorials existing at Newark, in the Province of Licking, consists of several parts. The first is formed by a circular wall of earth, thirty feet high, inclosing an area of twenty-six acres. An open passage leads through this outwork to a second inclosure, the walls of which are ten feet high, and encircle a space of twenty acres. Long walls, running parallel with each other, range from thence until they meet an octagonal inclosure, containing forty acres, which is furnished with eight entrances, one of which leads to a fourth and circular inclosure. There are several other areas besides those now described. From this spot, two parallel walls extend a distance of thirty miles. No probable object, but some military one, can be ascribed to this extensive structure.

There is more of art discernible in the remains found near Marietta, and they are in a state of far better preservation, than any others which the traveller visited. On an elevated plain on the banks of the river Muskingum, and near the efflux of that stream into the Ohio, is seen a large quadrangle of forty acres, styled 'The City:' it is surrounded by walls ten feet in height, and from thirty to six-and-thirty feet in breadth at their base. This structure has twelve entrances, three on each side; and there are smaller works within its precincts. Near this immense quadrangle is a smaller one, in equally perfect preservation, besides other remains of buildings. There were discovered, outside of the principal edifice, a vast number of earthenware vessels, the exterior of which was striped, and the interior covered with a glaze. They appear to be household gear, which were intentionally thrown over the walls. No further discoveries have been made in this direction.

But none of these remains possess so much regularity in their construction as the two forts at Circleville, in the county of Pickaway, which lies six-and-twenty miles to the south-east of Columbus. These are situated upon high ground, on the eastern bank of the Scioto; one of them is a perfect circle, and the other a square. The former is encompassed by two high walls, separated by a ditch, and is now intersected by the road which runs between Columbus and Chillicothe. Its centre was formerly occupied by a hill, which has been razed, and the vacuum supplied by the new town of Circleville. The quadrangular fort, which is connected with the former by a passage, measures fifty-five square rods, and has entrances placed in the middle of each side, and at each corner. These entrances are defended by an equal number of mounds erected in front of them. The walls of these forts respectively face the four quarters of the heavens, and vary neither more nor less than is consistent with the known variations of the compass. From this circumstance it has been inferred that their builders were acquainted with the magnetic power of the needle; at all events, they must have been familiar with geometry, otherwise they could never have given those correct and faultless proportions to their work which no scientific eye can contemplate without mingled surprise and admiration. It is impossible to ascribe them to the ancestors of the present race of Indians; for they are utter strangers to any such attainments as this fact must imply. Besides this ground of inference, all the aboriginal skeletons which have been discovered differ widely from the conformation of the Indian of our days; they bespeak a race of men whose bones were short and thick, and their stature diminutive.

Though we could not attempt to describe it without the accompaniments of a graphical outline, we must not leave unnoticed the remarkable structure delineated in the eighth plate, and situated in the Miami, in the county of Warren. In reference to this ruin, we will only add, that no one can contemplate its form and arrangement without being impressed with a feeling nearly akin to conviction, that the builders, whoever they were, designed it as a model of the configuration of the whole American continent. It portrayed

it with all the freshness and distinctness of one of Arrowsmith's charts.

There can be no doubt, from the nature of the articles found on the spots where these antiquities exist, that they are not of European origin; for among those articles are plates of copper, ornaments, a quantity of talc for looking-glasses, and furniture of rich and elegant workmanship, much of which is of shapes that are strange to the eye of the most experienced connoisseur. Our traveller particularly noticed a beautiful pipe-head, with a handsome female countenance, formed out of a substance resembling Chinese talc, and thrown up in excavating a ditch. Mummies are of frequent occurrence; and the description Mr. Assall gives of them corresponds with those given by former travellers.

In the observations he makes, in other parts of the work, on the supposed origin of a race, which is entirely extinct at the present hour, we have not met with any arguments of striking novelty; though he agrees with some preceding writers in assigning to them an Asiatic source, probably from China or Tartary. In alluding to what have been denominated '*written rocks*,' on the score of which so much discussion has been raised in France and America, he is disposed to treat the subject very slightly. Those which fell under his own personal observation, so far from being hieroglyphics, appeared, to him to be figures, cut into the rock by the point of some roving hunter's arrow, and furnished with fanciful addenda by European hands.

THE LIVING AND THE DEAD.

The Living and the Dead. Second Series. 12mo. pp. 328. Colburn, London, 1828.

We should be rather sorry to encounter the author of 'The Living and the Dead' in society. Not that the habit which he appears to have contracted of setting down on paper the most insignificant sayings and doings of the most insignificant persons he meets with, in order to introduce them at some future time into a book, would particularly alarm us, (for, unless when he writes the names at full length, we do not imagine it would be very easy for even intimate friends to identify the subjects of his sketches,) nor yet that we have any dislike in the abstract to country curates, among whom are to be found some of the most amiable and wisest of men. But this writer has no pretension to the name of a country curate. He is simply that most terrific of all beings, a man who bears about with him the one recollection of having spent four years at a university. This is the one glory of his life; this idea is the bright presence which accompanies him every where. He has lived in a country village, that spot in which a wise and benevolent man who will mix with his fellow-creatures, may find so much food for sweet and bitter fancies; and his only enduring recollection is, that he was a scholar of Trinity College, Cambridge: he has been administering the heavenly manna for six years; but his only thoughts are on the fleshpots of the University: he has been conversing with old and young, men and women, each of whom had an individual character more worthy of study than all the books in the Bodleian; and he talks only of proctors and bull-dogs. A more damning proof of intellectual feebleness and moral perversity it is barely possible to produce. For a resident member of the University, (and it is not the resident members of the University who are in general most guilty of the enormity,) an occasional mixture of college subjects and college pedantry is pardonable and even becoming; for it is a greater affectation wholly to lay aside the costume which you are in the habit of wearing, than to retain it. But that a man who has left college several years, should find nothing in life so well worth thinking of as, not the progress his character made during the time he spent there—not the happy hours he has passed

there—but simply its vulgar, local peculiarities, would, we confess, surprise us—if any new proof of human imbecility could surprise us. We trust, the heads of the Church will take into their serious consideration, whether it will not be well to insist that every candidate for orders should bring certificates of having been at least one twelve month absent from the University, before he is permitted to enter upon his clerical duties. In that time he might acquire at least enough of that experience which is so abundantly necessary in a clergyman, to teach him that the University, though a type of the universe, is not the universe itself.

We could pardon this author more easily if he had exhibited this propensity only in his own person. But in a miserable attempt at a sketch of the greatest man whom the English Church has produced for many a long year, we are insulted by the following passage, which seems written with no other purpose than to degrade him in our estimation. Speaking of the 'Palestine,' he says,

"Yet the event which, to the happy few who could boast the poet's acquaintance, was matter of such just exultation—and from those who could claim the dearer tie of kindred, drew even tears of joy—appeared to make no kind of impression upon Heber himself. There was nothing of elation, far less of assumption, visible in his manner or conversation. The same mild, gentle demeanour—the same equable flow of spirits—the same kind and considerate disposition—the same cordial sincerity of manner, and the same subdued gravity of address, characterised the MEDALIST as they had formerly done the MAN. He was proof against the intoxication of success. His fortune might exalt, but was unable to inebriate."—P. 317.

If there were an ecclesiastical attorney-general, the writer of this paragraph ought to be prosecuted for a wilful, deliberate intention to degrade the Church Establishment, by traducing the character of one of its noblest members.

The only occasion on which the author fairly forgets the university, is in telling a story of one Lord Llanberris. We extract it as the best thing in the book, though by no means remarkably good. We need not remark that Mr. Satterthwaite's character is the invention of an exceedingly ignorant and vulgar fancy:

"They tell me that I am better," said he, "but my own feelings assure me I shall be gone before midnight. I cannot bring myself to leave the world without disclosing what has long hung insupportably heavy on my conscience. Consent then to be the depository of my secret; and, if after hearing the sad recital, you do not disdain such an office, my friend, my comforter!"

"You have heard, perhaps, my mother's history: the degradation to which, after her husband's death, his family would fain have reduced her; their efforts to blast her character, and leave her to beggary; how she met their machinations, and baffled them."

"My mother! oh, my mother! thou shouldst have survived thy son! The guilt and wretchedness which now overwhelm me would then, perhaps, have been averted! I should then have had no cause but to reverence and love thy memory; for how faulty soever thy conduct to others, to me thou wast ever the kindest, the tenderest, the most affectionate of parents!"

"It was not perhaps extraordinary, under the circumstances, that from my earliest youth the deepest and most undying hatred was instilled into my bosom towards all the Llanberris family. 'Thou art not my son, boy,' was my mother's oft-repeated exclamation, 'if thou hast not an implacable aversion to all who bear the name Des Vismes.' I well remember, (it was the only instance of anger towards me exhibited in her whole life,) when I ventured to urge in reply that they were all, without exception, in misfortune, had suffered, and were still suffering, deeply from their unprincipled line of conduct; she exclaimed—"Leave me, boy, or thy mother will curse the pangs which brought thee into the world!"

"By none was this unchristian feeling more carefully cherished than by him who, from my earliest years, was entrusted with the care of my education—the Rev. Silas Satterthwaite. He professed what are termed high principles. They appeared to me to be the maximum of religious profession with the minimum

of religious conduct. He styled himself an INDEPENDENT; others called him an ANTINOMIAN; but, be his creed what it might, his practice inspired me with the most unqualified abhorrence.

"It was often matter to me of the most painful surprise to observe the ascendancy he had acquired over my mother. She, whose impetuous spirit would from others brook no opposition, quailed under the glance of his eye. Nor can words do justice to my amazement when, on completing my education, she requested I would offer him a home at Ashbrook for the remainder of his days. I hesitated, and told her frankly there were parts of his conduct I could neither approve nor sanction.

"The late Lord Llanberris, Horace, died in his arms."

"True, mother, but I dislike the man—his maxims—his conduct altogether."

"I ask it of you, Horace, I ask it. Am I to receive a refusal to my first request?"

"I acquiesced. The proposition was reluctantly made; but, as I foresaw, instantly accepted.

"Years rolled on unmarked by any unusual event, till, after a long and severe struggle for existence, my mother was told that the resources of art were exhausted, and that a few hours would terminate her sufferings.

"I was with her when this announcement was made. She received it without the slightest change of feature. 'How many hours of intellect may I safely calculate on?'"

"Barely twenty."

"Leave me, then, for I have much to do."

"In about an hour and a half, she sent for me. I shall never forget the pang I felt at observing the rapid alteration which that short interval had produced. There was something unearthly in her appearance. Her eyes were fearfully bright. Her cheek was flushed with the deepest crimson. Beauty, it is true, still lingered; but it was the beauty of the grave.

"Horace, you see me on my death-bed; and in these awful circumstances I have one request to make to you. Promise me that you will be faithful to your mother's memory; that you will never ally yourself with, admit to your confidence, nor succour any of that detested race; that you will avoid, as you would the wiles of the arch enemy himself, any overtures which Des Vismes may make to you after the grave has closed upon me; and that but one feeling will actuate you through life towards the whole of his designing family—deep and implacable hatred."

"My heart recoiled from this horrible request, and my countenance expressed it.

"Horace," she continued in a voice hollow from approaching dissolution, "you hesitate! Refuse, and my dying curse shall track your footsteps;—refuse, and the blessings an expiring mother would invoke on her only child, shall be turned into maledictions which shall blast—"

"Mother, mother, I promise!"—was the assent her frenzy and her circumstances wrung from me.

"Swear it!" she added, with increasing vehemence.

"I do."

"And now, Horace, one word more—Mr Satterthwaite. I am unable, as you are aware, to make any provision for him. Promise me that you will do so—liberally—speedily. Pledge your word to me on this point; assure me, likewise, that his claim on Ashbrook as a home shall at all times be recognised, and I die content."

"My horror at the idea of having this man for a companion overcame every other consideration, and dictated a gentle but firm refusal. Again did my mother repeat her request, and again did I entreat her to abandon it.

"Don't exasperate me, Horace, don't exasperate me. From you I merit nothing but tenderness. You little know through what an ocean of guilt I have waded to place you where you are."

"I scarcely knew whether I heard aright. I fixed my eyes steadfastly on her flushed and agitated countenance, and endeavoured to persuade myself these were the ravings of delirium. My purpose, however, remained unchanged. I told my mother she herself should name the sum she wished to be settled on Mr. Satterthwaite, but entreated her to dispense with my consent to have him as my companion.

"Hear me, then, boy. YOU ARE NOT LORD LLANBERRIS. Your obstinacy has wrung from me this horrid secret, which I intended should have gone

with me to the grave. I have loved you but too fondly. I have provided for your interests at the hazard of my soul. I repeat it, as a dying woman, you are not—raise me—raise me."

"She became convulsed; and, before I could ring for assistance, expired.

"I do not attempt to portray the misery this closing interview occasioned me. It is indescribable. It embittered every moment of my life. I was then an impostor. Those whom my mother had always pictured as the offending, were in reality the injured, party. Or was her declaration altogether the effect of delirium? I endeavoured to think so, but was wretched.

"Meanwhile, other sources of uneasiness were opened to me. Since the death of his patroness, Mr. Satterthwaite's conduct had been profligate in the extreme. He had always had a taste for low company, and a tendency towards intemperance. These my mother's presence and censures had repressed. Now he indulged both without restraint. I remonstrated. His refuge and support were his Antinomian principles.

"A little sin won't hurt me," he began. "I'm secure. I'm in a 'covenant state'; and the fluctuation of frames and feelings, of sins and frailties, however great, cannot contract decrees which were settled from all eternity! 'It is impossible for those who were once enlightened and have tasted of the heavenly gift, if they shall fall away, to renew themselves unto repentance.' You have no insight into these matters at present. I much doubt whether you ever will. The doctrine of election is my comfort. 'Jacob have I loved, but Esau have I hated.' Sins! I rather rejoice in them. The best men of old were distinguished for their sins. The sinner is a sacred character! These are the right sentiments. Those who do not hold them belong to the children of Esau, against whom the Almighty hath said, 'I will have indignation for ever!'"

"I turned away from the blasphemer with disgust.

"Meanwhile, complaints of him poured in from all quarters. To the servants he was at one time a tyrant, at another a spy. There was no end to the disagreeable interviews which his immoral and unregulated conduct entailed upon me. I was ruminating one evening upon the melancholy depravation of his principles, and the proper methods to be pursued for getting rid of him, when he was brought home from the village in a state of the most disgusting intoxication.

"I could not forbear expressing my distress at seeing a man of his religious professions so situated; and my surprise that he, who avowed he maintained principles far stricter and more scriptural than those held by the Establishment, should thus shame them by his private life.

"We cannot fall from grace!"—it was extraordinary that he always spoke on religious topics with the greatest fluency, and quoted scripture with the most singular perversion when thus unhappily situated:—"cataracts of sin cannot wash away my certainty of heaven. I will mention a text which shall tingle in your ears—"In thy book are all my members written." This clearly proves the choice which God has made of his church from all eternity. You still cling to the rubbish of ordinances. Listen to the truths of Calvinism."

"I will not discuss with you now, or at any future time, Calvinism. I have long been persuaded that its tenets are hostile to morality; and I have a melancholy proof before me, how completely the highest professions can be reconciled with a most depraved course of life. But to-morrow, when you are able to talk rationally, I shall lay before you reasons which will require an entire reformation in your conduct, or an immediate change of residence."

"When they persecute you in one city," I heard him mutter as I left the room, "flee to another."

"Before, however, I had an opportunity of seeing him the next morning—for he generally rose late, and after one of these excesses always after twelve—Bradley, my land-steward, desired an audience; at which he told me that Mr. Satterthwaite, under pretence of converting his wife to 'better principles,' had been endeavouring to corrupt his daughter; that her lover had heard of it, and vowed vengeance against him; that he felt it his duty to apprise me of all the circumstances, and to beg I would recommend Mr. Satterthwaite—for the present at all events—to quit Ashbrook. My resolution was taken. He was walking, I understood, in the park. I sought him; repeated the facts alleged against him, and inquired if they were true.

"Even so. Satan had the advantage of me. But what of that? David, you know—"

"I interrupted him at once. "Under these circumstances, the Hall can no longer be an asylum for you. I beg you will quit it without delay."

"Never. I have as great a right as you have to reside here; and I leave it not." Lord Llanberis, beware: you are at my mercy. I have nothing to fear from your resentment: you have every thing to dread from mine. Think you my paltry annuity of five hundred a year will impose on me perpetual silence? By no means. The moment I choose to open my mouth, I can prove your mother to have been an adulteress—yourself to be a—"

"I could contain myself no longer. Passion obtained the mastery. I struck him fiercely. He fell. These were his dying words—"Monster, you have murdered your FATHER!"

"I rushed from the spot in an agony of feeling which defies description. Hours I wandered I know not whither. All was true, then? My very worst fears were confirmed. My mother was an adulteress—myself an impostor; nay more, a parricide. O what would I have given to recall that one short hour! Labour—poverty—privation—all would have been warmly welcomed, could I have freed myself from that load of guilt and wretchedness which seemed to weigh down my soul. I prayed earnestly, fervently, that the boon of life might be at once withdrawn; or that I might have help and strength given me to face the future.

"It was nearly sunset when I heard my name called. My faithful Bradley accosted me. He came up calmly and slowly—his very manner seemed to inspire me with self-possession—and said, "My Lord, I beg to prepare you for a very painful occurrence: Mr. Satterthwaite has been found dead in the park of apoplexy." My conscience suggested to me, he laid peculiar emphasis on the last two words; and I have often thought he rightly guessed how the deceased had met his end. But his manner then and always was that of an attached and affectionate servant towards a master whom he had nursed in infancy; and I owe him much. He continued, "I have undertaken, my Lord, the whole management of the matter. The coroner has been sent for, and an inquest will be held to-morrow. Your Lordship looks much shocked and distressed. I supposed you would. Perhaps, you will prefer returning to the house by the private path, and retiring to your own room."

"I followed his directions mechanically. His word had roused me to a sense of my danger. Yet I thought, but the reflection brought me no comfort, Satterthwaite and myself were alone. No one had witnessed the encounter, or seen the blow. But the agony, the wretchedness, the duration of that night, I thought it would never end!

"Morning came—bright sunny morning—the birds carolled sweetly; every breeze seemed fraught with perfume. I looked to heaven, it was calm and unclouded; on the sea it lay still as the repose of infancy before me; all seemed at peace without; 'twas only the tempest of remorse that raged impetuously within. I fell into an uneasy and feverish slumber; was awakened by the preparations for the inquest.

"Bradley was as good as his word. The coroner came, and the jury sat. Their deliberations were short: for dinner awaited their decision. The habits of the deceased were detailed; his state on the preceding evening was minutely described: a surgeon was present, who gave it as his opinion that the deceased's death was caused by apoplexy; and the jury returned a verdict, *Died by the visitation of God.*

"Bradley communicated the result to me in the fewest words: "I will not intrude farther on your lordship's privacy. You do not yet seem to have recovered the shock, and will do well to retire early to rest."

"Rest! I never knew it from that moment. Rest! it seemed to have fled my couch for ever. Rest! none ever came either to body or mind. The consciousness of secret guilt crushed me to the dust; and in the perpetual goadings of remorse, from which no effort could free me, I seemed to feel the first gnawings of that worm that never dies.

"I have envied the meanest hind on my estate. As I watched the villager in my walks, returning worn and weary after his hard day's toil to his rugged pallet and scanty fare, and witnessed the welcome which affection gave him, and saw the glow of honest satisfaction lighting up his sun-burnt face, I would have given worlds to exchange my lot for his. And at times,

when the recollections of my childhood rose before me—when I thought of those bygone days when mirth bubbled up free and joyous from the heart, and melody flowed unbidden from the voice—when the one was was never fevered, and the other never sat—the contrast would almost deprive me of intellect. With a cry I would rush into the woods, endeavour to escape from myself.

"Nor was this my only punishment. My—my father, the word will choke me, I cannot utter it, incessantly followed me. At home or abroad, go where I would, my victim stood beside me! That leaden eye, that lowering visage, that discoloured temple, I could never divest myself of his presence. My every action was marked by a witness from the grave. He, into whose presence another hour will bring me, knows with what bitter contrition I have bewailed the past! He knows what days of inexpressible agony and heartfelt humiliation that single act of my life has cost me! Again and again have I meditated to avow the infamy of my birth to Des Vismes, and then to resign myself to punishment. But my mother's fame, the disgrace, the dishonour that such a proceeding would entail upon our name, deterred me. The suffering it would occasion influenced me not. I have again and again endured in one hour torture, to which the mere agony of dying would be transport! Oh! "there is no killing like that which kills the heart!"

"One resolution I made and kept—I would never marry. My inheritance would then revert to its proper owner; and my feelings plainly and cheerfully told me I should not long usurp it. This was the only act of justice I could with security perform. It is true, I endeavoured to render my wretched existence beneficial to others, and to diffuse promptly and liberally among the needy and oppressed that wealth which was a curse to myself. But after all—

"The spirit of a man can sustain his infirmities, but a wounded spirit who can bear?"

"I do not ask you to comfort me, to console, or reassure me. Talk to me not of that place where the very air is music, and the universal accent praise; or of Him whose name and whose nature is holy.

"For me, alas! what hope remains, whether I look backward on the past, or forward to the future? The past, a tissue of falsehood. The future, endless punishment. YET PRAY FOR ME. Pray—for my life is ebbing rapidly away. Pray—while this ear, already dulled by approaching death, can listen to your supplications. Pray—if at the eleventh hour there may be hopes of mercy. Pray—" and his tone of entreaty changed into a shriek of woe which chilled my very heart's blood,—"Pray—for HE is HERE."

"I turned: but no, no, it was the excitement of the moment—it was the horrid story I had been hearing—it was the stillness of the hour, and the peculiarity of my situation—it was the sight of the dying man's despair, and the responsibility which I felt attached to the interview—it was not, it could not, be real; but I saw, or seemed to see, a figure standing close to the bed, and gazing intently upon its writhing occupant. Over its features brooded that deep, mysterious, awful calm, which marks the aspect of the dead; a small, but discoloured spot appeared on the left temple, while from the lip there seemed to trickle a few drops of blood.

"I passed my hands hurriedly over my eyes, as if to exclude this horrid vision. A faint cry escaped the parricide's lips. I glanced for one instant at his countenance—the seal of death was upon it."—Pp. 41—58.

NEALE'S VIEWS.

Views of the Seats of Noblemen and Gentlemen, in England, Wales, Scotland, and Ireland. By J. P. Neale. Second Series, Vol. IV. 8vo.

This work does not need much recommendation from us, as it has been in progress for several years, and long ago obtained very extensive patronage. We may, nevertheless, be permitted briefly to point out some of its merits to such of our readers as are not already acquainted with it. Of late years, topography has been both abundantly and ably illustrated by the pencil, thereby acquiring additional interest; for without the aid of the graphic art we can no more form a tolerable idea of the aspect of either places or buildings, than we can of the situation and extent of countries without the assistance of maps. Although, therefore, this is but a subordinate

branch of art, we are so far from regretting that we rejoice to perceive it thus encouraged among us. We are not insensible to the charms of fictitious composition, whether the painter's imagination fills his canvas with ideal but well-conceived scenes drawn from history or mythology, or whether, selecting from the various beauties of inanimate nature, he re-combines them more happily, and presents us with landscapes of Arcadian loveliness, Alpine grandeur, or sequestered rusticity. In order to please, however, such productions must possess superior merit; for mediocrity is here quite as intolerable as in poetry. Portraiture, on the contrary, has, like history, a positive value; it is a record of something that either has existed, or does actually exist; nor is local portraiture the least interesting and instructive of this branch of pictorial description. It is not all who possess the opportunities of travelling, and of visiting spots celebrated for their beauty, or interesting on account of the historical associations connected with them.

The mansions of the nobility and opulent families of this and our sister island have long been acknowledged to constitute no small portion of their beauties. Although bearing less ostentatious titles, many of them are far superior to continental palaces, combining, with every charm of exterior prospect, the highest degree of splendour, luxury, and refinement within; while many of those which can lay no claim to such attractions, are, nevertheless, highly interesting, either as specimens of our ancient domestic architecture, or as having been the residences of personages whose names are more or less distinguished in our annals.

With regard to the present work, we consider it decidedly more valuable than any preceding collection of this kind; not only as comprising a far greater number of subjects, but as furnishing a great many very interesting particulars relative to the families to whom the respective residences belong. The insertion of the catalogues of the various collections of paintings, likewise renders the work both an appropriate guide to the tourist, and a useful manual for reference to the amateur; particularly to those who want to ascertain where the portrait of any particular individual is to be found. To all collectors of works on English topography, we consider this publication indispensable, since, independently of the views themselves, the letter-press contains much information not to be met with elsewhere. Being executed by different engravers, the plates do not possess uniform merit; yet all are very creditably done, and there are many of superior delicacy of finish and great brilliancy. Among the subjects in the present volume are two views of Kinfauns Castle; the first exhibiting the building and the truly magnificent scenery by which it is surrounded, the other a view of the gallery;—Penshott Place, the celebrated residence of the Sidneys; Battle Abbey, Charlton House, Holland House, and Arundel Castle, and the elegant modern structure, Holwood, which was erected in 1825, by Mr. Decimus Burton.

The King has been graciously pleased to nominate and appoint Samuel Prout, Esq., to be painter in water colours in ordinary to his Majesty.

He who is imbued with superstition can neither have a pleasing remembrance of the past, enjoy the present in peace, nor look forward with pleasure to the future. —*Cicero de Finibus.*

THE ATHENÆUM AND LITERARY CHRONICLE OF THIS DAY CONTAINS

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SPORTING REMNISCENCES.

No. III.—My First Grouse.

(Continued from page 28.)

Fair reader, nor rather readers,—for so engaging an old fellow as I have described myself must doubtless have many,—what a pity it is for thee that my day of poetry and romance has long since set in the night of sober reality.

Forty years ago, my brain was as full of

Cobwebs fit for scull

That's empty when the moon is full,

Such as take lodgings in a head

That's to be let unfurnished.

As I make no doubt this is now—but alas! 'ces

beaux jours; sont passés!' My heart is now

dead to passion, and mine eye to the picturesque.

I prefer residences to fountains—muffins to moon-

beams—and would rather (proh pudor!) see one

supper than ten sunsets; nay, still worse, 'change

(in thine opinion) has come o'er the spirit of my

dream; for I have learned to like cards and loathe

squadrilles.

Such is my state! and being, besides, as I have

already (with the usual conceit and impertinence

of contrite philosophers) hinted to thee, sour and

scrabbled, I feel the virtuous indignation of an old

coquette against those follies in others which I

have myself outlived.

Nought now pleases me but truth, plain and

unvarnished—'naked and austere.'

'To me no principle like practice

No poetry like matter of fact is.'

This is to inform thee of what—if thou hast

sufficient experience to know that whosoever talks

about truth, is plotting deceit—thou hast already

guessed—that I mean to disappoint, not to say

cheat, thee of a certain glowing description,

which I half promised in my last, and which I

dare say thou hast been impatiently looking forward to ever since.

All that I choose to say is, that, on arriving at the

top of the mountain, we found that the landscape on

the other side was clear and sunny, whilst that

we were leaving was cloudy and rainy; though, had

I been able to embody my recollections of that

scene in fitting language, thou shouldst have been

treated to a description, at the sight of which all

the poets in the universe would have burnt their

pens and cut their throats: 'Thou shouldst have

heard,' as Grunio says, (vide 'Taming the Shrew,')

how that the contrast of light and shade, which

I have just mentioned, was 'as the brightness of

a gas-light, on the one side, to the blackness of a

wolf's mouth on the other,'—how that, the vale

of Clyde, which lay beneath us, was 'stretched in

the sunshine, sleeping in its loveliness, whilst the

river itself (then dwindled to an insignificant

streamlet, which, as it was perfectly unfit for

either fly or minnow, deserved nought save silent

contempt,) meandered through the verdant mead

like a spangled silver thread through a green

velvet garment.'

Thou shouldst have heard, I say, 'how that'

the celebrated mountain —, which formed the

foreground of the landscape, 'rose before us in all

his sublimity of sweeping outline, standing apart

in sullen majesty, and disdaining communion

with the lesser hills,' by which the distance

(which was, in fact, no way remarkable) should

have been forthwith filled up, under the title of

'interminable ranges of mountains whose purple

heads (not noses), high up-reared, vied with each

other in offering a couch to the thunder-cloud.'

Then for the moral.—Thou shouldst have

heard 'how that' the hereinbefore-twice-already-

mentioned contrast of the vivid light before,

with the murky darkness behind us, 'formed a

'sad yet apt illustration of the prospect and retro-

spect of human hopes and happiness; or, if I did

not chance to be morally inclined, (as, indeed,

seldom that I am,) I might rather have likened it

to the flight of a demon from the face of a spirit

of light, in furtherance of which a running bass

accompaniment of distant thunder which I should have composed expressly for the occasion, (appropriate sounds, such as distant bells, cattle lowing, shepherds' pipes, and the like, being, as I am told, indispensably requisite in the manufacture of improved landscapes,) might have been called either the swearing of the sulky fiend, or the snoring of the sleepy valley aforesaid, whichever might seem the more improbable.

All this thou shouldst have heard with many more things of worthy memory which (for the before-mentioned reasons, shall now die in oblivion, and thou return inexperienced to thy grave.

I am sorry for thy disappointment, reader; which, nevertheless, I assure thee, is no way owing to my laziness, or indisposition to please thee on my part; for I protest unto thee, that, had I the pen of a Coleridge, or the pencil of a Martin, thou shouldst have the whole portrayed in a way none the less sublime, because perfectly unintelligible in the one case, and perfectly unnatural in both.

In the latter case, I should make short work, by spilling a bottle of red ink over the one half of my page, and a bottle of black ink over the other; having previously secured some one to write a poem (simultaneous, though not suggested*) explanatory of the painting, and illustrative of the wonderful effects to be produced by such purely natural causes.

In the former,† I cannot promise thee so easy an infliction. It is, indeed, possible that, as no expletives would be made use of to fill up [sense or show meaning, the whole description might be comprised in

'Fourteen short lines not over good,'

in the shape of a sonnet; but, unfortunately, the gentleman in question is not much in the habit of writing sonnets; so it is more likely that thou wouldst be visited with a long, straggling, unfinished batch of verses, of which the plot and the poetry, the beginning, middle, and end, would be all equally and utterly incomprehensible, and in which thou shouldst hear—mind, I do not say *understand*, for, as thine information would be conveyed in

'Mystical meanings that puzzle still,
Read as often as you will,'

I should be sorry to pledge myself so far,—but thou shouldst hear the heads of my tale, (then, alas! neither head nor tail,) so mixed, mauled, and chopped up, into a heterogeneous mass, with odds and ends of meaning sticking out here and there, like stepping-stones in a bog, or leaks in a Welchman's pottage, (leaving thee to guess at the component parts of the remainder,) that I warrant thee thy regret would be less that the poem was never finished, than that it was ever begun; and that thou wouldst learn by comparison to regret the loss of the simple and unaffected, though, perhaps, somewhat dry style, of thine old friend Christopher. But enough of episode; which, as it has become rather tiresome to me, may also, I begin to suspect, be both tiresome and impertinent from me.

I asked the gamekeeper, who was gazing earnestly at the huge mountain † I have hypothetically mentioned above, whether he was admiring the prospect.

'Na, na,' said he, 'I'm no minding ony sic

* Vide Catalogue to 'Destruction of Nineveh.'

† It is a weakness in our venerable friend that he holds all poetry in contempt, except Pope's 'Homer' and Somerville's 'Chace.'—Ed.

‡ I use the word 'mountain' as being more consonant with southern ears and associations. In Scotland, as an unlimited number of little children is called a 'small family,' so every eminence, from five feet to five thousand, is called a 'hill,' or rather, as it is pronounced, 'heli;' (perhaps, in allusion to the torment of climbing it.) I have forborne, however, to spell it in this way, as, however correct it might be, it could not fail to have an ugly look.

havers; I'm looking to see whether the tap o' yon lift is gaim to clear itself o' the mist, for the auld wives hereabouts have a saying, that amais aye comes true, that—

"When the cairn * on auld—doth put on his cowl,
Ye may ken that the weather that day will be foul;
and, praise be blest! yonder is the cairn; sae I think we may get to wark without fear. Here, Port," added he, calling to the dog so designated; 'hie awa', my bonny man.'

'What the devil is that bird, whistling away like a boatswain's pipe?' asked my uncle.

'Eh!' answered Will, 'it's an o' they d—d whaups.† Now, Sir, ye maun try and shute it if possible, or it'll fash the dogs, may be, for the next hour or twa; sae get your gun ready while I whistle them in, and may be it'll come near aneuch to let ye get a shot at it.'

My uncle followed his advice, and fired at the bird, which had the good effect of driving it away, though too far to kill.

'Now,' said he, while reloading his piece, 'let's hold a council of war. Where should this wild covey of ours be, Will? Is it worth while following them?'

'Deed, Sir,' answered Will, 'I aye think it best to follow up the game ye ken o', till ye fa' in wi' mair: they canna be far aff; they just gied a swirl round the tap o' the know, and I'm thinking we sall find them in yon bit o' benty heather.'

'Well then,' said my uncle, 'we'll let the dogs "run before the wind" (till they're past the place, and then whistle them up, and so get the birds between them and us.'

This counsel being approved by all parties, was forthwith carried into effect. The dogs had hardly turned their noses towards us, before they began first to snuff in the air, then to draw on, and finally stopped dead. My uncle called to me to make haste up, as the birds might probably get up wild. I followed, panting and palpitating, not with fatigue but with fright. At last we got within a few yards of the dogs' heads, and were certain that the birds must be between us and them. 'Look out!' cried my uncle; and he had no sooner uttered the words than—whirr! up got her old ladyship and family with a noise that so startled me, as to put all offensive measures quite out of the question. The only way I can at all describe my feelings is by comparing them to those of a hapless and unsuspecting little innocent suddenly and treacherously 'unhoused, disappointed, unanell,' (i. e. with eyes, mouth, and nose open,) submersed, (*bachheads*), for the first time, by the barbarous hands of a blue-coated bathing woman.

On recovering somewhat, I found that my uncle had killed a brace, and I was obliged to undergo his derision for what he termed my 'lubberly' conduct: 'he supposed,' he said, 'that I had been accustomed to put salt on the birds' tails in England; but that in Scotland it was necessary to fire at them in order to stop them.'

The gamekeeper was more compassionate: he told my uncle that he was very wrong in putting me out of conceit with myself, and then, turning to me, he added, 'Never you mind, sir, what your uncle says: a' young shots that try at birds on the wing, (and it's no mony o' them that do,) begin either by letting them flee awa' a' thegither without firing as you ha'e done, or else by bleezing at them amais before they're aff the grund; and they that begin like you, aye turn out the best shots at last—tak my word for't.'

* On the top of almost every Scotch mountain of any note, there is a heap of stones, called a 'cairn,' some of them of an enormous size: their origin and use is unknown; some supposing them to mark the graves of ancient warriors, whilst others believe them to be the nett proceeds of a few centuries of monkish penance.

† Curlews, which sometimes follow dogs for a length of time, to the great detriment of their travel and their master's temper.

'What the devil are you "spinning a yarn" about there, Will?' interrupted my uncle, 'instead of minding your business: there's Starboard's been busy challenging these ten minutes.' 'It'll just be the auld scent,' answered Will, 'there'll be naething there.'

'Nothing!' exclaimed my uncle, 'you never saw the dog behave that way for nothing; why his tail's a regular dogvane: you may tell the strength of the scent by the degree of its stiffness, and look at it now.' 'Faith!' replied Will, 'I shouldna muckle wonder if it's the auld cock that got up first, as we were coming up the hill yonder. Noo, sir,' addressing me, 'hand your gun ready, and let's see ye win back your character. I'se warrant he'll ha'e rin down the side of the brae, into yon bit moss hay.' I cocked my gun accordingly, and kept up with the dog, who was now 'roading' steadily down the side of the hill, as well as my footing and feelings would allow, and, as Will had predicted, had no sooner shown my face over the top of the little gully, or 'hag' as he called it; than up banged the old cock right under my nose, and away he flew cackling across the glen to the opposite hill, and 'wabbling,' as my uncle afterwards expressed it, 'like a jolly-boat in a stiff breeze.'

Away he flew; but he flew not far. I raised my gun, scarce knowing what I was about, and fired, when I found, to my astonishment and delight, that I had actually—killed. The force with which the bird was going had sufficed to carry him clear off the side of the hill, which was nearly precipitous, and down he fell, twisting and twirling, a height of about twelve hundred feet, till at last he lighted plump in the bed of a little burn or streamlet in the glen below.

I threw down my gun, and, regardless of the remonstrances of the gamekeeper who called after me that we should pass by the place when we crossed to the opposite hill, I commenced the descent at a rate not much slower than that of the bird. However, between running, rolling and scrambling, (in the course of which I raised three coveys,) I at last reached the bottom in safety, and commenced a search after the object of my pursuit, which I soon found lying on his back in the water, from whence I as soon snatched him, and, all dripping as he was, gazed on him with an ecstasy of which that of a mother at the sight of her first-born would be but a feeble type; and immediately, like that mother, I decided that he was by far the largest, fattest, handsomest, and in every way finest grouse that ever was seen.

I once heard a gentleman state that, on seeing a bird fall which he had fired at, so far from participating in the feelings of exultation which I have just described, he felt nothing but grief and remorse for what he had done. This might be true, though, as he was a German philosopher, and was talking to a lady, it is by no means likely; and, if it was so, I can only pity the man for such mawkish sensibility. As for myself, I have no hesitation in saying that I can look back to few such moments of exquisite enjoyment in a long life as that which I experienced on killing MY FIRST GROUSE.

PROFESSOR MUHLENFELS' LECTURES.

OF all the introductory lectures which were read at the opening of the first session of the London University, there was none which appeared to us to hold out a better promise for the future than that of Professor Muhlenfels. It was characterised by extensive and original views, learning, and, the most important of all in a lecture, an earnest and vivacious style. Professor Muhlenfels has hitherto been employed in lecturing on the language of his country to two classes,—the junior class, consisting of those commencing the study, and the senior, of those who have made some proficiency in it; and last week he commenced a third course of lectures on German Literature. If we may form any judgment of the interest which this course is likely to possess, from the merit

of the two preliminary lectures, (and it is the lecturer who would have most right to complain of the unfairness of such a criterion,) we should make no scruple of assuring our readers that there are few places which they could frequent with greater certainty of instruction and entertainment than the German class-room of the London University. We do not say this, because there is any striking coincidence between the views of Professor Muhlenfels and ourselves—on the contrary, from many of the opinions broached in his opening lecture, we dissent widely—but because we discover in him great acuteness of mind, a high appreciation of the importance of the subject he has undertaken to discuss, accompanied with an anxiety to illustrate it from every collateral source, which destroys the danger of his making the one study too exclusively a favourite with his audience, and a disposition the reverse of what we fear is the prevalent one in our day—to regard the width of the foundation as of more importance than the height of the edifice. As we think the labours of Professor Muhlenfels—besides that they may be the means of counteracting some of the worst tendencies of the institution to which he belongs—are, in themselves, exceedingly valuable, we shall make no apology for presenting our readers with a sketch of his first lecture.

After a very modest preface respecting his own qualifications, Professor Muhlenfels proceeded to define the objects which he proposed to himself in the present course. Literature, he observed, in its most general acceptance, comprehends all the productions of the human intellect, imagination, fancy, and reason: in a more restricted sense, it embraces all these productions except the sciences. He did not propose, in his present course, to take a complete view of German literature even in this narrower sense. He proposed simply to trace the growth of German poetry.

Literature is the repository of the ideas of people. A history of the growth of a literature is, therefore, in some sort, the history of the people to which it belongs. In tracing its infancy, youth, manhood, maturity, and decay, you are tracing the most perfect outline that can be drawn of the same stages in the national mind.

But the history of any one people, especially where the word is used in this high sense, as conversant, not merely with outward events, but with the development of mind and character, is part of a much larger history; and we cannot understand the fragment aright without understanding its relation to the whole. We must see what is the position of any nation in the general history of mankind, before we can satisfactorily determine the position of the different parts of its own history with respect to one another. We must find its age in the world's register, before we look into its own register for the age of the different individuals whose names are inscribed there. To find the *principle* of any literature, we must see which part the people whose mind it expounds, fulfil in the great social harmony; and we must then safely trace the development of this principle through the different periods of that people's existence. For this reason, Professor Muhlenfels has thought it necessary to introduce his course with five preliminary lectures, in which he will give a rapid view of the different periods of history as they rise out of each other, and of the literature of the different nations which expressed the character of their periods respectively.

Professor Muhlenfels thinks with Müller, that the use of the phrases, childhood, boyhood, manhood, old age, in application to society, is not merely metaphorical, but, indicates real analogy between the life of individual man and the life of the organic whole we call mankind. A forest, he remarked, or a mass of trees, is subjected to the same influences as the single tree, and in like manner, it is no wild hypothesis, but rather, would be a departure from the general law, if it were not true—that each man may be taken as a summary and representative of the race—that there is

a strict correspondence between the different periods of their history—and that, as the end of the individual and of the society is the same—viz. perfection, so the processes by which divine Providence acts upon them to bring about the accomplishment of that end are strictly and literally analogous. Even the resistance of various nations to this benevolent agency—their neglect of the mild and correctional discipline by which God has vouchsafed to tutor them, and their consequent failure of the great purpose of their existence, is paralleled, he observes, and the argument which has been drawn from it against the tendency of mankind to perfection got rid of, by instances of similar perversity in individuals living in the midst of the obviously progressive communities.*

Acting upon this analogy, Professor Muhlenfels proceeded to distinguish the eastern nations as exhibiting the marks of the world's childhood. These marks he discovers especially among the Hindoos, who, he finely remarks, have existed for centuries in a sort of petrified infancy. 'As a child loves most to play with flowers,' he remarked, 'the poetry of the Hindoos is entirely the poetry of outward nature; the life of nature being the centre to which all their thoughts are turned.' In the images of this poetry, remarkable, as Mr. Southey has observed, for confounding bigness with sublimity, he traces the rudiments of an infantine fancy which strains after what is gigantic, but has no perception of harmony and proportion. The mild gentle character of these people is, also, he thinks a part of the analogy. Still in infancy, but at a more advanced stage of it, he ranks the Egyptian. The change which has taken place in the greater definiteness of his contemplations, which in some degree approaches to reflection, and in the practical tendencies of his social life. The first difference is indicated by the need he feels of allegories as a medium of studying the Deity, whom the Hindoo had been content merely to fancy, without striving after any conception of his nature. The second difference is seen in the more formal as well as more useful style of their buildings, in the adaptation of castes to practical purposes, and in the application of stars to astrology. In their emblematic representations, he discovers a likeness to that delight which the rude fancy of a growing child takes in animal forms.

The boyhood of the human race is to be discovered, according to Professor Muhlenfels, in the history of the Children of Israel. The first development of conscience, or the law of right and wrong,—the struggles of this law with the growing sensuality of the boy,—his consequent waywardness and obstinacy:—all this is shadowed forth in the history of this ancient people; and to this state of being was the provision adapted of a written law revealed by the voice of God, audible through the thunders of Sinai. The Hebrew poetry, grand, lyrical and passionate, expresses, Professor Muhlenfels thinks, another part of the analogy.

* We have omitted a very beautiful passage at this part of Professor Muhlenfels' lecture, which, even in our humble capacities of reporters, we are afraid to put upon paper. He spoke of those mythological fables which constitute an antehistorical fund in the life of nations as being analogous to the glimpses of an earlier world which hover over the awakening spirit in childhood. Professor Muhlenfels will not understand our tenor, for he does not yet understand England. He does not know that it is here thought a piece of horrible arrogance to acknowledge the existence of a feeling which every beef-eater is not conscious of possessing in an equal degree—he does not know that, if a man affirms that, by long course of reflection in his own mind, he has discovered something which those who boast of not having reflected for a single moment affirm they never found in their minds, he is forthwith branded as a fool and a knave, or what comprises both classes, a mystic—he does not know that, merely because it tended to a belief in the doctrine which he has so boldly preferred, the finest ode in our language was denounced by the Editor of the London University Journal, as a mass of senseless drivelling.

The age of dawning youth our professor discovers in Greece. Sensuality, but sensuality inspired and animated by a deep perception and love of the beautiful, and therefore not inconsistent with delicacy and modesty, a disposition to invest all those perceptions in forms, an intellect of extraordinary liveliness, but a spendthrift of its powers,—pure patriotism, patriotism for its own sake, not dictated by a love of power or a sense of duty, but the real unfeigned love of country,—a mind unfavourable to religion and its inward exercises, because tending to shrines and idols:—these were the characteristics of the Grecian mind, by these was its literature informed (though in poetry many of the coarse qualities of the mind which it represents, are exalted and purified,) and these are also the characteristics of that period in a richly cultivated mind which takes place between the rude shapeless ardency and perverseness of the boy and the systematic hardness of the man.

In **ROME** we observe the fifth period, the commencement of definite **MANHOOD**:—the imagination and fancy becoming less vivid and brilliant; the intellect growing into proud and exulting consciousness of its own powers; vanity, under the form of a love of rule, becoming the prevailing passion of the soul; love of one's country, as one's country, changed into a vain delight in the one country, (so that the word *Quirites* availed in Caesar's mouth to repress a military insurrection, when *Cives* would have been insufficient,)—a clear perception of the ends of government, the principles of social organisation, the meaning of law,—these great characteristics which are shown forth in the events recorded in the Roman annals, in the cold formality of their poetry, in the wonderful excellence of their histories, in the strength and durability of their monuments: all betoken, likewise, that time of life in which the just-formed man estimates mere manliness of character at a price which lowers, in the comparison, all the other virtues.

Is it then the overthrow of this great empire, which typifies that new crisis in our lives, when our education ceases—when the power of habit ceases, and when habits become principles; in short, when we may be said to have finished girding on the armour with which we are to fight during the rest of our lives? Professor Muhlenfels thinks not. He dates it rather from the introduction of **CHRISTIANITY**. For he remarks that in individual life, and in its parallel the life of the species, the passage of one period into another does not take place suddenly or at once. It is gradual and imperceptible. There is a process of declension, the length of which is marked by the length of the process of perfectionment. Alexander and Napoleon rose to greatness at once, and fell at once. The Roman Empire was seven hundred years in attaining to its highest greatness: it was meet that its fall should be gradual likewise. And thus, therefore, it seems more natural, more rational, according to the order of analogy, to take the turning-point—the moment of passage from one age to another—at the moment when the principal characteristics of that age begin to grow dim and fade away; that is, in the present instance, to fix that grand crisis in the world's history which corresponds to the most remarkable crisis in the history of each of us,—at that point at which our moral feelings, our sense of the all-importance of the events to nations and individuals, would incline us to fix it—the introduction of Christianity. This was the end of the first lecture.

British Tyrants.—It was a current proverb in ancient times that Britain was the very hot-bed of tyranny:—*'Britannia fertilis provincia tyrannorum.'* (Jerome.) We have a notion, that a similar proverb either is or ought to be currently whispered about in Hindoostan; so low and cautiously, however, that not even one of the Company's cricketers should hear it, so long at least as their power continues, 'prankt in a little brief authority.'

GOVERNESSES

(From an Unpublished Novel.)

As the ingenuity of mankind has invented an immense variety of schemes for effecting the great end of education, the destruction of the character, and the perversion of the intellect, there are numerous diversities in the dispositions and qualifications of the persons who are consecrated to this honourable ministry. Of Governesses we may reckon up three classes, all distinguished by separate merits, but by no means resembling each other in their nature, or equaling each other in the extent of their endowments. The first class consists of those governesses who are described in the letters of recommendation they bring with them into the families to which they are destined as a visitation, as ladies possessing 'great decision of character,' 'extraordinary authority over the minds of the children committed to their charge,' and 'a wonderful power of moulding their disposition and habits.' Of all hand-writings on the wall to forewarn a parent of the future destiny of his child, these phrases are the most decisive and luminous. A governess thus described will, in very deed, mould the disposition and habits of a child. All the force of her own character will be thrown into the task of counteracting *tastes* planted in it for its happiness—of eradicating dispositions which were meant to grow and flourish for the good of its fellow-creatures—of turning awry all the currents of its feelings—of making it into something as nearly as possible the reverse of what its Creator in his wisdom designed it to be. Miraculous must be the interposition which saves a child from the consequences of such a resolute, consistent, indefatigable discipline as this. To come out of such a pressing-machine, with all its original life and energy, has never been the lot of any human creature. The happiest are those who, from being fortunately ungifted by nature with any extraordinary vigour and susceptibility of mind, succumb easily and tranquilly to this system, and are reduced by it into a state of quiet fauity; thereby escaping the more dreadful judgment appointed for those whose strength of spirit enables them to struggle long against the grinding tyranny, and at last crushed by a power to which they would not yield, end, not in unconscious idiocy, but in derangement and despair.

Far less able and vigilant, and therefore far less mischievous, are the second class of guardians who are appointed to see that the female mind takes no good. These are those ladies who, equally convinced with the one we have just described that it is their duty to force a certain quantity of tasks upon the memory, to make the understanding conversant with words, and to prevent the feelings from exerting themselves at all, nevertheless, either from indolence, or from feebleness, or from kind-heartedness, leave their pupil's mind in a very great degree to its own government. All that they impart is bad, of course; but then, they are not constantly imparting; or are providentially very unskilful in their mode of imparting; and consequently the human mind, in some instances, has elasticity enough to throw off all weights that have been cast upon it, and to recover in a great many a large portion of its native liberty. And, considering the incalculably small portion of the female community who are well educated, in any reasonable sense of that word, it is a totally safe presumption whenever we meet in society with a young lady capable of genuine not artificial liveliness of feeling, thinking, and acting, that she has been blessed with a weak-minded and inefficient governess.

But there is yet a third class of these ladies, which is generically distinguishable from both the former. To make up the child according to some notion which they had formed of what a child should be, was the object of both those whom we have been describing; and their slight success in this endeavour, as we have seen, is different, in

consequence of the difference of their powers; yet, in the circumstance of being absolutely indifferent to the circumstances of the child itself, they are precisely similar. In this point they are entirely different from that class of which Miss Corrie was a member. Her method of dealing with the faculties of her pupil did not proceed upon the principle that the indications of character and taste in the child were matters of no importance. On the contrary, she piqued herself upon being a very attentive and discriminating observer of all that was remarkable in the minds of her pupils. She was accustomed to boast, that she had no unvarying rules to which she compelled all the tendencies of the infant mind to bend,—that she did not endeavour to make the tree take a different direction from the sapling, (except when the growth of the latter was obviously tortuous and unnatural,)—that she, in short, founded all she did upon her knowledge of human nature. Was it wonderful that Mr. Mackinnon should imagine a governess so rational in her ideas was specially commissioned, by Ellen's good genius, to preside over the most dangerous and important years of her life? And yet, if there ever was a time when, to speak according to human ignorance, that good genius was sleeping, it was when this same Miss Corrie first set foot in the Melcove Parsonage. What might have been the effect upon Ellen's character, if it had been subjected to the control of either of the other sets of disciplinarians whom we have spoken of, it is impossible to say. But how nicely and delicately the system of her actual governess was adapted to produce the corruption of a mind of which it could not destroy the subtlety and the force, it will be no difficult matter to show.

Miss Corrie made it a rule, as we have said, to adapt her rules according to the character of her pupil; and a very admirable rule it was. But to the right application of this rule, there was one little qualification necessary: that small qualification is a power of understanding character. Now, Miss Corrie was, as our readers may have gathered from the last chapter, a very shrewd woman,—unusually shrewd. No one made livelier or more pointed observations; no one guessed more cleverly, or, as some people would express it, more happily. Is anything more requisite in order to judge of character? A little more. It is necessary that, in addition to being able to guess, we should have thought; in addition to drawing clever inferences, we should be able to grasp facts—those most important facts, the facts of our own being: that, in addition to fancy, we should have knowledge. Now, unfortunately, Miss Corrie knew nothing. She observed upon the things around her, but she did not observe the things themselves: she talked about the mind within, but what that mind was, what her own thoughts were, what she herself was, she knew not. When, therefore, she attempted to judge of other people, she judged without rule or compass: she could not tell the indications of their feelings, for she had never felt. In this respect, she did not differ from nine-tenths of her sex and of ours. And, if she had only undertaken to teach with a view to learn, she might, by the study of her pupil's mind, have found out many secrets in her own. But, alas! she had no such humble views. She had been always complimented upon her knowledge of human nature: it was just the one part in her character she had always been most proud of; and the idea that she had not sounded the depths of a study when her present notions of it were sufficient foundation for aphorisms and systems, never entered her head. The consequence was, that in dealing with her pupils she had but two methods. She either fancied a character for them, worked herself into a belief that it was their actual character, and then proceeded to adopt the plan she thought most suitable for directing it; or else, she observed what motives, in a few moments' conversation, seemed

to produce most effect upon a child's mind, and drew her conclusions accordingly. The former course she generally adopted when she met with young ladies, who, by good previous discipline in the nursery and drawing-room, had been rendered perfectly artificial; and, when they had no character of their own, she fitted them out of the wardrobe of her own imaginations. With Ellen Mackinnon, who was as unaffected a little creature as ever had lived a few years in an affected world, she adopted the other scheme.

[May we request our fair friend, Mrs. L., when she next sends us an extract from her novel, to select a passage somewhat more intelligible to male readers. We do not understand a single word of the foregoing article.—Ed.]

HUM CHI BUNG.

Hum Chi Bung quee' ich-er-ee eu-enn pi quat-si ching dol. Gil Loll-le-pop, old-bags, &c. &c. &c. Pekin, Ton pi, 872. 344. 697.

Practical Considerations on the Road Question; with a brief examination of the impolicy of endangering the vested interests of the numerous classes dependent on the maintenance of the ancient system, and an appeal to the wisdom of the Chinese people against the delusive speculations of rash and unprincipled Speculators. By Loll-le-pop, Mandarin of Three Tails, and Grandee of Five Rows of Buttons. Pekin; in the year of the world 872. 344. 697. (Chinese date)—i. e. A. D. 1828.

We take shame to ourselves for having allowed the press of other business, of far less importance, to prevent our laying before our readers an account of the great question, which has long agitated the Empire of China. To the discussion of the political disputes, which for the day agitate our own country, the columns of 'The Athenæum' have always been closed: the insertion would induce party-feelings and the payment of stamps; and they contribute less to the instruction than to the excitement of our readers. But the evils of political discussions diminish with the distance of the country in which they arise. Our sympathies are not liable to be violently excited by the remote pulsations of Chinese faction. Their politics are, in our eyes, merely a part of their literature and philosophy, and indeed a very important manifestation of the national mind of that people. Nor is it an unimportant task for the psychologist to mark the resemblances and differences of mind in the Celestial and the British Empires; to observe, that against the same fatal love of innovation is the battle to be fought on the banks of the Hoan-ho and of the Thames and Seine: and that with the same weapons is that battle fought by the supporters of all that is holy and established. Nor might little instruction be derived by us all, nor little encouragement be communicated to the European opponents of change, by observing that they have caught so exactly the tone of a people famed beyond all others for a reverential adherence to the wisdom of their ancestors; and who bring to the regulation of their everyday business, the feelings, the information, and the logic of antediluvian philosophy.

The roads of the Chinese Empire have long been left in that state which the wisdom of past ages had established. Contented with the facilities of communication which they afforded them, the Chinese people waded with delight through sand and mud; and while they travelled at the rate of twelve hours a mile, they consoled the inevitable wearisomeness of the journey, by contemplating the glory, commerce, and civilisation of their native land. They left unimpaired the venerable structure which recorded the manners and thoughts of distant ages—they shrunk from polluting with the flints of the nineteenth century, the ruts and slush which had been handed down as an heir-loom from the past.

Unfortunately the Portuguese Constitution, the mysterious movements of which appear to have exercised an influence as extensive and as dangerous as that of the awful earthquake which,

while it buried their capital, shook the remotest Scotch,—found an inlet into China by means of the settlement at Macao. But the spirit of liberalism very easily perceived that the Portuguese authorities by no means approved of any change in the institutions of Macao, and that the Chinese were not at all ripe for the reception of the British Constitution; so it set to work on the roads, and prompted the Europeans to mend about a mile of the highway into the interior of the island. No sooner, however, was the first cart-load of stones flung over the worst part, than the Chinese mind took alarm. The people, headed by the bonzes, rose; county meetings were called from the Gulf of Tonquin to the Sea of Ochotsk; the men of Petch-e-lee leading the way with their usual heroism—the press teemed with pamphlets; in fact, there could be no doubt that the sense of the country was very decidedly against the proposed innovation. His Celestial Majesty's government, we think unwisely, adopted a neutral policy, and steered a middle course between the contending parties. The Premier marched 500,000 dragoons into Macao, and wrote a letter to the Portuguese Governor's cook, calculated to conciliate both sides.

Unfortunately, however, the present Chinese ministry was formed too much on the principle of conciliation: and the department of roads and justice had been entrusted to a gentleman who was deeply imbued with the falsely called liberal system. He actually maintained in the very cabinet that the roads really ought to be mended: in fact we need only add, that he supported his proposition, with the usual sophistical adage which passes current among the disciples of Free Trade in Europe. Too many of his colleagues were deceived by his bold assertions, but an equal number declared their determination to quit office rather than sacrifice the roads of their native land. The Premier, however, healed their dissensions; both parties conceded a little; and it was determined that, as the Macao roads were usually wide enough for only one carriage, one side of them should be Macadamised, and the other left as it had been for the last eight hundred millions of years.

The Chinese public, with an unaccountable infatuation, acquiesced for a while in this fatal decision: but the excellent pamphlet of Loll-le-pop first dispelled the delusion of security, and aroused them to a sense of their danger. Loll-le-pop is a Chinese gentleman, the head of a very old and powerful Manchoo family, which has long occupied the first station in the province of Yong-tee. The natural influence of his birth and fortune have been increased by the amenity of his manners; the varied acquirements of his mind; and the energy with which he has constantly devoted them to the promotion of his country's interest. A large portion of his property being vested in the inns, of which of course the Chinese rate of travelling demands a great number, and in the waggons calculated for the old system of roads, he may be considered as a good practical authority, worth a bushel of theorists; while at the same time his high rank and large fortune relieve him from any suspicion of being biassed by selfish motives.

After an explanation of the reasons which have compelled him to dilation with his pen, Loll-le-pop offers some forcible strictures on the indifference with which the gentlemen of China have looked on this question.

'As if this were the mere question of roads, important as that is. No. Our roads are but the first of our institutions which the enemy attacks. If the roads were made, for what would they be used? Could not people travel on them for bad purposes as well as for good? Who make the roads? Christians. And what do they want to convey along the roads? Of course Christianity. It is our Church then that is attacked. Our national irreligion is in danger. Our established atheism will be profaned, our laws and customs will be invaded. Our infanticide will be next subverted;

our commerce thrown open; our wives' feet left in a state of nature. The Europeans will take our tea, our silk, our porcelain. The laws of property will be dishonoured and violated: and our pure despotism itself will be buried in the ruins of our roads.'—p. 2.

Loll-le-pop shows, also, the extent to which road-making may, and probably will, be carried, if once permitted.

'I may be told that I am extravagant in my estimate of the probable mischief of road-making, that no such results can follow from making a mile or two of good road at Macao. To these short-sighted reasoners I would answer, How do they know where road-making will stop? If roads are made at Macao, why may they not be made at Pekin? What is there to prevent a road from beginning at Macao or Canton, and being continued to the Great Wall? Ay, or why should it stop there? Why not pass the Wall (which, I suppose, will then be sacrificed, as a relic of the cowardice and stupidity of our ancestors,) and traverse our Tartarian Empire? Why should it rest there? Why not enter Asiatic Russia, and from thence pervade Russia in Europe; till, having passed through England and America, it shall return to us, via Japan; and thus leave us every way exposed to the crafty barbarians of Europe? Nay, in ten years all China might be turned into roads, until there should be no room left for our harvests, and a strong people might awake from their delusion to perceive themselves a sacrifice to their mania for travelling. Let us resist the first step. Let us say, "No innovation—let well alone."—p. 76.

Loll-le-pop has evidently made himself thoroughly acquainted with the practical results of roads in Europe. We have derived some valuable information on the subject of road-making from the facts which he has collected:

'The Chinese road-maker could enter into no competition with the European. I know from good authority, that the roads in England are kept up by the receipts of turnpikes. I know that there is a turnpike on an average to about every five miles at the utmost. I know that the average payment at a turnpike is one shilling. Five miles of road made and kept up for one shilling! a hundred miles for one pound! This needs no comment.'—p. 138.

We should think that there must be some error, though we cannot exactly point it out, in Loll-le-pop's facts or reasoning on this point. There follows a most valuable list of the accidents that have happened, during the last century, on the roads in Europe; and the next ten chapters contain a clear demonstration that the Chinese can make roads much more cheaply than any other nation in the world.

We regret that want of room prevents us from entering more fully into the merits of this excellent pamphlet. We shall now make a last, and copious extract from the close of the work:—

'It is under the much vilified system of our forefathers that China has become the greatest nation of the world. It is while our roads have been in the state which our modern sages affect to consider disgraceful, that our population has increased to 333 millions, and our cities of the first class to 1,000. The Ambassadors of England and Holland have travelled over these very roads to knock their heads on the floor of the Celestial presence. Was it not under the old roads that we invented gun-powder? Was it not under them that we gave to our new European teachers the art of printing? And if we show our base ingratitude for the many and great mercies which have been vouchsafed to us, can we hope for their continuance?

'I need not however trust to predictions. The miseries which have quickly followed the very first deviation from the wisdom of our ancestors, are but too sure a sign and sample of the woe which a perseverance in our folly will entail upon us. Is not the gold leaving the country? Have not the Hong merchants quarrelled with the Americans? Has not the rebel Tse-quong defeated the royal general Pe? Where is the busy industry that used to crowd our markets? Where our national greatness? Have not four houses fallen down in Nankin? Is there not a crack in the porcelain tower? Has not his Celestial Majesty been afflicted with chill-blains? They tell me too, that there is a blight over the tea-grounds of Tswankey, and that our merchants already anticipate a deficient supply of souchong.

'From these miseries, and those that I even now see crowding on their heels in the dim distance of the

future, we might yet be saved by wisdom and firmness. But it is not to the accused spirit of conciliation that we must look for relief. The gentlemen of China must wake from their present apathy and rally round their ancient roads, round institutions that are expressible of the feelings of our country, that have grown with our growth, and strengthened with our strength. There is the breach in which the foe innovation must be conquered or must triumph. For me, my part is taken. I have been the first to sound the trumpet: I can expect no quarter. I am a plain Chinese gentleman, and I am proud of the order to which I belong. With that order will I stand or fall. It is the wish nearest my heart to see China,

Great, glorious, and free,

First flower of the Earth, and first gem of the Sea.

But never will this be, unless the gentlemen of China stand forth in firm array against the cruel, wolfish, crafty, villanous barbarians of Christendom. In this, her hour of peril, China expects every man to do his duty, and to join in the patriotic cry,—"Nolimus vias China mutari."—P. 382 to end.

The same order of eloquence and reasoning abounds in other parts of the work: and the author by liberal quotations from the Latin poets, shows a thorough acquaintance with the writings of Mr. Maculoch. We take leave of him with unfeigned respect for his talents and patriotism. We hope, ere long, to see his work in an English garb. A translation of it would surely answer. At present it rests in the hands of the few students of Chinese literature, who thus possess a kind of manorial monopoly over these rich and rare waifs of the treasures of an unknown land.

THE BRITISH INSTITUTION.

We have been well pleased on returning to resume our observations in the British Gallery, to find our first impressions more than confirmed; and to feel satisfied that the humble tribute of applause paid by us to some of the most attractive productions in the Exhibition, had not proceeded from any momentary exaltation of feeling,—on the contrary, that the abhorrence of every appearance of affectation or false applause, had perhaps confined the expression of our commendation within limits too narrow. This more especially proved to be the case with two or three of the works in the North Room to which our animadversions were principally directed on our first visit, as much by the superior character of the subjects they treated, as by the situation they occupied in the gallery.

Strong as was the impression which the merit of Mr. Danby's two beautiful pictures had left on us, we felt bound to confess, on again visiting the Institution; that, considering either the poetry and sentiment of the design, or the power and skill with which the delightful imaginings of the poet's mind had been executed by the hand of the artist, our recollections had done but bare and scanty justice to the 'Moonlight' and 'Sunset.' The ease and elegance of position, the beauty of feature, the powerful expression of the 'Native of Missolonghi,' by Hollins, lost none of their effect by increased familiarity; while the harmony, brilliancy, and tone of the colouring presented themselves more forcibly than ever.

With Mr. Etty's 'Subject from Ovid's Metamorphoses,' our satisfaction, on a second visit, was not quite so perfect. The artist-like skill displayed in the general treatment, the chiaroscuro, the rotundity and corporeal effect of the figures, are beyond all praise; but, on a second inspection, the absence of that refinement which alone reconciles a pure taste to the representation of subjects of this nature, however classical their source, is felt more forcibly than at first, when the mind is perhaps imposed on by the other merits of the picture. Mr. Etty does not appear sufficiently aware, that vulgarity renders voluptuousness loathsome; that subjects which depend on the latter character for their claims to admiration, require to be treated with the utmost delicacy; that the least tincture of coarseness renders

them revolting; and that they lose the charm which, when properly touched, they are capable of exercising over the most elevated tastes, in the degree in which regard to refinement is neglected. We do not object to the painter, that in the original fable he may not find an authority for even a greater degree of coarseness than he has thought proper to embody in the form of Salmacis; but we are quite sure that he would have had ample warrant in the mythological character of the Naiad, for employing, had he been so disposed, a much more delicate pencil. We are by no means equally certain, that the nudo of the same figure would not have been improved by a tone of colouring somewhat richer.

The *Satan* of Mr. Partridge, No. 472, to which we alluded in our last notice, represents the arch rebel at the period when, alighting on Mount Niphates, in the form of a beautiful angel, he betrays his true character on regarding the sun, and bursts out into the celebrated address to the glorious luminary.

The passage of the 'Paradise Lost,' inserted in the catalogue, as that which has inspired the pencil of Mr. Partridge, is the following—

'Under a coronet his flowing hair
In curls on either cheek played; wings he wore
Of many a coloured plume, sprinkled with gold;
His habit fit for speed

Thus while he spake each passion dimm'd his face;
Thrice changed with pale ire, envy and despair,
Which marr'd his borrow'd visage, and betray'd
Him counterfeit.'

The form of *Satan* is beautiful in the extreme, grandly simple, of elegant proportions, and in elevated taste: the tone of colour is rich and mellow. In the head, the assumed beauty, of which the first four lines of the quotation form a part of the description, has not yet entirely disappeared: the evil passions depicted in the forcible lines of the sequel have only commenced their deforming effect.

Mr. Hayter's *Banditti of Kurdistan assisting Georgians in carrying off Circassian Women*, No. 507, is an unequal production. In parts it is grand and spirited, both in design and colour; while in others it is cold and tame. The ensemble is inharmonious, and wanting in general effect. Similar inequality is observable in the productions, taken separately, which Mr. Hayter has contributed to the present collection. We have before noticed *St. George and the Dragon* as a spirited performance, evincing considerable poetical feeling: the *St. John in the Island of Patmos*, No. 141, is dull, and at the same time harsh in colour and poor in expression: the *Kurdistan Chief*, No. 172, is deserving of more praise, as a fine and spirited figure.

We have now, we believe, disposed of the principal performances which aspire to be marked in the class of works of the highest walk of art. We turn, then, to the many clever productions which, albeit inferior in grade, in the degree of perfection in their kind are by no means secondary.

Foremost among them in merit as in situation, are the animal pieces of Mr. Edwin Landseer, of whose works it will be sufficient to say that they are his, and to mention the subjects they treat. It may be left, we know, to our readers to imagine the manner and perfection of their execution, in which are displayed all the powerful and skilful effects, the life and natural fidelity, the free handling and exquisite finish, for which the most extolled of his former works have been admired. Mr. Landseer's pictures are the following:—

No. 10, *Highlanders returning from Deer Stalking*. Two Highland figures, with their dogs and nags; the latter, the one an aged grey; the other a black and vigorous colt, laden with the game. *The Conversation*, No. 68, a group of terriers of various ages and colours in repose. No. 256, *The Poor Dog*, the faithful friend, over the grave of his master, as rich in interest as in animation and truth. No. 231, *Deer just shot*, is also by Mr. Landseer.

No. 2, *Beatrice in the Arbour*, H. Howard, R.A., is a very agreeable, but somewhat fantastical, illustration of a scene in 'Much Ado about Nothing.' The figures of Ursula and her companion are elegant; there is less extra refinement in that of Beatrice, who, besides being more natural, is quite as beautiful as either of her fair friends, and, with her greater simplicity, has more real character. The shadow in which her

figure is enveloped, produces a very happy effect. The flowering of the arbour is pretty and extremely gay.

The landscapes of Mr. P. Nasmyth are numerous; they are, as usual, pleasing, distinguished by their truth, and the absence of all attempt at effect, by minuteness in treatment, and close imitation of atmospheric coldness, more excusable by its truth, than agreeable as a quality in a picture, and certainly more constantly exhibited by our artist than is required. We could select one or two pictures by Mr. Nasmyth in this collection less liable than the rest to the objection we have stated. Such, if our memory betray us not, is No. 364, *A View of Sydenham, Surrey*.

No. 3, *The Prisoner*, and No. 4, *A Foraging Party Routed*, both by Mr. Thomas Webster, which are humorous representations of the pranks and disasters of village school-boys, as well as several other small pieces of the like kind and style by the same artist, are amusing and clever productions in their way. They seem to obtain purchasers readily. It is satisfactory, indeed, to observe the constant occupation of the zealous and active Secretary in affixing the welcome label 'sold' to the corners of the pictures consigned to his care. Sir T. Lawrence lost no time in making the acquisition of a very clever production of the lamented R. P. Bonington, No. 58, *A Turk*, a small picture treated with most artist-like effect, and replete with feeling.

No. 22, *Scene on the Coast of Kent*, W. Collins, R.A., is a very masterly coast scene, in the usual skilful manner of that much-admired artist.

The contributions made to this collection by Mr. D. Roberts, by no means derogate from his reputation. No. 30, *The Town-hall of Louvain*, and No. 355, *The Chapel of the Virgin, Church of St. Pierre, at Caen*, are both very clever productions. In the former, the chasteness, and abstinence from all false effect, too common in the treatment of subjects of this nature, while there is by no means a want of spirit and force, might serve as a wholesome lesson to many of our searchers after the picturesque. The chapel is a grander work, more varied in its effects, more brilliant in its colour, and powerful in light and shade.

Several of our painters of familiar scenes have simultaneously caught at a new subject in the hurdy-gurdy boys and girls, whom, but for their Italian aspect, well-bred monkeys, and good-natured looks, we should wish abated as a nuisance. The representations of these are of course of various degrees of merit. Above the rest we prefer No. 32, *Italian Boy and Monkey*, A. Morton, a very spirited, and animated, and clever painting.

No. 63, *A View of Paris from Montmartre*, G. Arnald, A.R.A., is a large and elaborate picture, and conveys an accurate idea of the details of that splendid prospect. A much more brilliant effect would have been compatible with the strictest adherence to truth.

(To be continued.)

MISCELLANEOUS NOTICES.

TRIUMPHAL ARCH AT MILAN.—This noble undertaking, which, as regards extent and splendour, will bear a comparison with the finest remains of antiquity, is fast advancing towards its completion. The first idea of it arose from a temporary arch of wood and linen, erected in the year 1806, to celebrate the entry of Eugene, the then Italian Viceroy, and his youthful consort, the Princess of Bavaria, into the capital of Lombardy. The elegance and masterly proportions which the Marquess Luigi Cagnola had bestowed on this frail structure, so completely riveted the admiration of the municipal council, that they determined to adopt it as the model of a more enduring memorial, in which there should be no other deviation than as regarded the decorative parts. The work was commenced in the autumn of 1807, and intended to immortalize the victories of the French armies; but it had not proceeded beyond the two minor side-arches in April 1814; though the preparations for completing the whole were at that time so far advanced, as to attract the approbation of the present Emperor of Austria, by whose orders the works were continued from the year 1816. It has, therefore, been converted into a triumphal arch, in commemoration of the general peace, as well as of one of its instruments, Francis I., the first sovereign of the Lombardo-Venetian kingdom. When it is recollected that it possesses

columns 49½ inches in diameter and 41½ feet in height, inclusive of the bases and capitals, and that these columns are worked out of single blocks of Crevola marble, whilst every the minutest, as well as the most considerable, features of this structure are distinguished by consummate delicacy and elegance of workmanship, the Lombardese may well pride themselves upon the creation of one of the most splendid efforts of modern art. Its breadth, in which it is exceeded by no other arch excepting that of Constantine, is 98 feet 2 inches, and its height is of the same dimension. A car, bearing the goddess of Peace, and drawn by six horses all of molten bronze, is intended to crown its summit, whilst its four corners will be adorned by as many equestrian statues of Victory, presenting her with wreaths of triumph.

DANTE.—After an interregnum of five years, M. Viviani has completed his valuable edition of 'La Divina Commedia di Dante Alighieri, giusta la lezione del Codice Bartoliniano.' (Udine. 3 vols. 1827, 1828.) The 'Parnasso Italiano' has already drawn the attention of literary men to the importance of the Bartolinian MS. as an invaluable guide towards correcting the text of former editions of this divine poet; and the present edition is rendered peculiarly interesting and valuable, not only by a comprehensive glossary and elaborate indexes, but by a 'Ragionamento sopra Dante' from the pen of Torti, and an historical commentary, entitled 'Il Secolo di Dante,' by Fred. Arrivabene.

THE COPERNICAN SYSTEM.—Copernicus published his immortal work, 'De Revolutionibus Orbium Coelestium,' in the year 1543, and expired on the 24th of May of that year. Celio Calcagnini, whose death is generally held to have occurred in 1541, is said to have published, at an earlier date, the celebrated treatise in which he maintains that 'the heavens stand still, but the earth is in motion.' Out of this last circumstance has sprung an impression, that the Italian, and not the Prussian, was the actual reformer of the solar system. It is very possible that many of the contemporaries of Copernicus, equally with Pythagoras and other ancients, may have entertained correct but very undigested notions in regard to the planetary world. Even if this be admitted, the claims of Calcagnini must be at once set aside, if we show that his rival had fixed the positive bases of his theory long before the Ferrarese had brought his speculations before the public. For this purpose, it is only necessary to turn to that page of Copernicus's manly dedication of his work to the Roman Pontiff, Paul III., in which he says that he had entertained an intention of suppressing it entirely, but that several of his friends had conjured him earnestly to publish it. His own words are, 'Tidemannus Gisius, episcopus Culmensis, sæpenumero me adhortatus est et convitiis interdum additis efflagitavit, ut librum hunc ederem, et in lucem tandem prodire sinerem, qui apud me pressus, non in nonum annum solum, sed jam in quartum novennium latitasset.' If, therefore, we confine ourselves to the multiplying of three by nine, and reckon backwards seven-and-twenty years only, it is quite clear that Copernicus must have ascertained and established his reformed system as early as the year 1516—a date ten years antecedent to any which has been assigned to it by the most accurate of his biographers.

We do not pretend to deny Calcagnini's merits as an ingenious or erudite scholar; but we are anxious to show how unjustly they have been allowed to derogate from the claims of the great Northern astronomer.

DRAMATIC CENSORSHIP.—The freedom of the pen and press undergoes occasional amputations at the bidding of the dramatic licenser in France, as well as in Great Britain; and the heroes of the sock and buskin may well add to their 'vagabond glories,' the privilege of 'strutting in fetters.' Among the expurgations inflicted upon the popular vaudeville 'L'Auberge du grand Frédéric,'

the censorial judges of the Parisian boards recently made an absconding exception to the following lines. The burgo-master, arresting Voltaire, exclaims in song,

'Au nom du Roi,
Mon cher Monsieur, je vous arrête!'

And Voltaire rejoins,
'Au nom du Roi,
Ce nom déjà sacré pour moi;
Mais en vérité je regrette,
Qu'il soit permis, d'être si bête
Au nom du Roi!'

GREECE.—In conformity with a decree issued by the President, Capo d'Istria, the United States of Independent Greece have been divided into Thirteen Departments; seven of which are continental, and six insular.

The Continental Departments are,

1. *Argolida*. Nauplia, (chief town,) Corinth, Argos, and Damala.
2. *Achaia*, consisting of the former districts of Voistitza, Dotschitché, Kalavrita, and Patras.—Kalavrita, (chief town,) Patras, Visilikio, Perinitza, Violitza, and Triti.
3. *Elida*, comprehending the districts of Lala, Pyrga, and Hulomidji.—Gastorini, (chief town,) Pyrgos, Lana, and Leena.
4. *Upper Messenia* includes the districts of Arcadia, Avarino or Navarino, Modon, and Coron.—Its towns are Navarino, Coron, and Modon.

5. *Lower Messenia*, comprising the districts of Androussa, Leonardi, Kalamatta, Boronia, and part of Caritena.—Kalamatta, (chief town,) Mavromathi, Maina, Androussa, and Boronia.

6. *Laconia* consists of the districts of Mistra, Monembasia, and Maina.—Its chief town, Mistra. It is thought, however, that the seat of provisional government will be hereafter transferred to the fortress of Monembasia, or Napoli di Malvasia. The other principal places are Kolokythia, Kolochina, Vordonia, Geronthra, Ericho, and Varoasi.

7. *Arcadia* includes the former districts of Tripolitza, Ajapetri or St. Peter's, Fivina, Fanari, and the greater part of Caritena.—Tripolitza, which was formerly the seat of the pashalik of the Morea, is its chief town: other towns are Caritena and Fanari.

These seven continental departments are 64,439 geographical square miles in superficial extent; but their present population does not exceed 300,000 souls: there can be little doubt, however, that, if the country be blessed with a settled Government and domestic tranquillity, its natural resources and immigration will raise these numbers, in two or three years, to more than double their actual amount. In the flourishing times of old, this tract of country was studded with 205 cities and towns, and its then population has been estimated at 2,200,000.

The Maritime Departments are six in number, and comprise such islands of the Archipelago as constitute the remaining portion of this little republican state.

1. The *Northern Sporades* include the isles of Skiato, Skopelo, Dromi, and Pelagiesi, Skiro, and Ipsara or Psyra; extent 72 square miles: population 6,600.
2. The *Eastern Sporades* contain Samos, Ikaria, Patmos, Kalymna, and Zera. Extent, 245 square miles; and population, 54,000.
3. The *Western Sporades* comprehend Hydra, Spezzia, Poro, Egina, and Salamis. Extent, 126 square miles; and population, 40,000; of which Hydra alone constitutes one half.
4. The *Northern Cyclades*, formed of the isles of Andros, Tine, Mycone, Syra, Thermia, Zea, and Serfo. Extent, 308 square miles; and population, 46,400.
5. The *Central Cyclades* consist of Naxos, Paros, Ios, Sikina, Polikandro, Milo, Kimdi, and Siphnos. Extent, 376 square miles; and population, 25,200.

6. The *Southern Cyclades* include Amorgo, Stampalie, Anaphi, Santerino, Karpates, and Kasa. Extent, 212 square miles; and population, 19,900.

The present superficial extent of the Greek Republic is, therefore, confined to an area of 7,778 square geographical miles; whilst its population, 496,000 souls, is not much greater than that of the petty Grand-Duchy of Parma.

LEGION OF HONOUR.—It appears from an accurate computation, made in the chancery of this institution, that it actually musters 33,400 members of all classes. Of this number, 4,200 are officers, 700 are commanders, 224 are great officers, and 52 are grand crosses. A number of foreigners figure on the list of great officers.

CLERICAL INCOME.—From Balbi's 'Monarchie Française comparée aux principaux Etats du Globe,' recently published at Paris, we are enabled to lay before our readers the comparative statement he has brought under review of 'the Average Income of each Parochial Minister or Inumbent,' in the principal States of Europe:

	£.		£.
Ireland (Ang. Church)	790	Hungary	61
England (ditto)	420	Prussia (Cath. & Prot.)	60
Scotland (Presb.)	225	Spain (Catholic)	59
Portugal (Catholic)	120	Austria (Catholic)	52
Ireland (Dissenters)	120	France (ditto)	31
Scotland (Dissenters)	85	Russia in Eu. (Greek)	10
England (ditto)	65		

THE DRAMA.

Drury Lane.

ON Monday evening, 'Cymbeline' was revived at this theatre, for the purpose of presenting Miss Phillips to the public in the character of Imogen. The play thus revived is unquestionably as exquisite in its kind as any thing of Shakspeare's that remains to us, and, what probably weighed more with the mind of the manager, requires nothing but a few curtailments to be admirably adapted for the stage, as it is full of striking incident and various character. It has also this advantage, that, as regards mere stage-effect, it may be very tolerably represented by second-rate actors,—and *pace tanti viri*, Mr. Price has none but such on his tragic establishment. Actors we said, be it remembered; for of actresses, that is, of Miss Phillips, we must speak anon, and more at large. Mr. Cooper's Iachimo was very fair, and, to our taste, much better than Mr. Young's Posthumus; and for this plain reason, that Mr. Cooper throughout pretended to be nothing but Mr. Cooper. Mr. Young, on the other hand, evidently acted as if he thought himself—what a large part of the public think him—a great tragic performer. Now, he really seems to us, in any but the most ordinary characters, a mere trickster mountebank, dealing in a pre-established succession of inflections and gestures, which he uses in the like order in all his parts,—unable to be familiar without affectation, or emphatic without extravagance. Alas! how unlike, in every way, is such a loud, monotonous, ostentatious braggart, from the deep-hearted, impassioned, meditative Posthumus, who, as Imogen says of him—

'did incline to sadness; and oftimes,
Not knowing why,'—

who burst so fiercely from his shyness, when the Italian flung a doubt upon the purity of his mistress, and who could only satiate his abused and disappointed affection by a revenge so dreadful, and so secretly and cautiously devised. Mr. Young, however, fully appreciated the advantage of wearing a sword in one act, and a chain in another; and atoned for his neglect of Shakspeare, and his many meanings, by doing full justice to all the dramatic knowledge and poetic power conveyed in the wigs, mantles, and weapons of the property-man. We have no more leisure to bestow on him, and must turn to Imogen.

No one, as we are aware, has ever taken the trouble to point out what is required from the actress who shall attempt to personify Shakspeare's women. What a universe of passion, beauty, and variety is there in that simple phrase; and how seldom does it seem to be perceived that there is as much difference between Juliet, Miranda, Viola, Desdemona, and Imogen, (we do not mention others, because there is a common suspicion that Lady Macbeth is unlike Beatrice,) as between Hamlet, Macbeth, Shylock, and Brutus. Now, it is clear that, in general, these differences are not in any degree represented on the stage, because the

great mass of the public take their notions of Shakespeare entirely from what they see between the stage-lamps and the back-scene; and it is rare to meet with any one who has the slightest conception that Desdemona and Viola are not the same women in different stomachs and circumstances, but two individual women who are more similar to each other in their circumstances, (diverse as they are,) than in any thing else whatsoever. We want no other proof that Shakespeare's ladies never have been represented in theatres, and that the heroines who generally appear upon the boards, are rather resemblances of the common ball-room misses, among a thousand of whom there is less diversity of mind than between any two women in the infinite world of his creation.

We suspect that, if these considerations had occurred to Miss Phillips, her portrait of Imogen would have been in some respects different from what it was. That we think it possible she ever could have thought about the essential distinctions of character,—that we speak for a moment of her portrait of Imogen as resembling in the least that divine being, is an evidence of the respect and admiration which we really have for the talent and feeling displayed in her performance. But, though much more than a shadow of Imogen, she yet was not altogether the substantial ideal of that delicious lady.

The wife of Posthumus represents, perhaps, more completely than any one in Shakespeare, the beauty, and holiness, and strength of wedded love. Imogen, be it remembered, was born to be encircled with the hollow ceremonies and false courtesies of a palace, and had turned away to find a resting-place for her affections in Posthumus. Her's was not the eager and flashy passion of Juliet, bursting out when the maiden had scarcely become conscious of her own being; nor the strange fearful tenderness of Desdemona for the wild soldier, whom she caught and clung to in a moment's pause of his precipitous career; nor the delighted worship of Miranda, for the youth who first brought, amid that lone island, those grotesque monsters, and that dream-like existence,—the living realisation of all the beauty which had floated and glanced unprofitably through her mind, until the hour when she saw a 'spirit'—not, like Ariel, all a spirit, but also 'carrying a brave form.' The love of Imogen was the love of a princess, destined by her situation to look on marriage as an expediency, for one whom society and custom told her it was a crime to love, and her affection for whom could only be justified in her own eyes by a boldness, and a depth, and a permanency of faith, passing that of ordinary women. But it was, also, a love which had begun to grow and mould itself into shape, when she and Posthumus were playmates together, before she had time to learn that she was by station immeasurably above him; and her attachment had evidently afterwards prevented her from ever dreaming that she was honouring him in condescending to his lowliness. It is clear, that amid all the falsehoods and mockeries of a court in which she could find nothing real, stable, or satisfying, she had learned to repose upon her belief in the honour and fidelity of Posthumus as upon that which alone of all around her was genuine and trustworthy. Every thing that connects itself in her mind with him, acquires in some degree the same character of sincerity and faithfulness; and the sudden change in the scene where her virtue is assailed by Iachimo, from horror and disgust, to regard and confidence, when he has spoken of that excellence in her husband which to her was more real and certain than the sun, thus illustrates her tendency to confer upon all that reminded her of him a portion of the respect and faith which she habitually entertained for him who was her 'jewel,' and her 'supreme crown.' We might say much more on this matter; for when has Shakespeare written a page, much less delineated a character, the meanings of which are not inexhaustible. But we have neither time nor space, (which the Gods, with a paltry jealousy, are far less willing to annihilate for editors than for lovers,) to continue this ineffectual examination of the character of Imogen.

We doubt whether Miss Phillips has in her mind either this or any other very distinctive theory of the character she represented on Monday last. In her performance, there were, of course, abundant grace, delicacy, feeling, and spirit. These excellent qualities Miss Phillips could scarcely divest herself of if she would. But her performance was far too uniformly tearful, and of too sustained a melancholy; such as would better have become Helena, in 'All's well that ends well,' than the noble and energetic, though unhappy daughter of Cymbeline. In the great scene with Iachimo, indeed, she was compelled to strike another measure from the strings; and she did it in some re-

spects grandly. But we doubt whether she trusts so completely to her own fine impulses when she would be scornful and indignant at the overshadowing approach of dishonour, as when she would exhibit fear, love, sorrow, or despair. She seems to us to be thinking rather of the gods in the gallery, the men of the pit, the columns of the side-scenes, (very good gods, men, and columns in their way, but not much to the purpose,) of any thing rather than of the degradation urged upon her, the slander that accompanied it, and the honesty and love that broke from Imogen at the proposal. When she throws off the touch of Iachimo, which she does, indeed, as she should, with a thrilling and a lion-like decision, she remains for several seconds with uplifted hand and poised foot, a spectacle of fixed magnificence, (as if the merit of a tragic actress were like that of Harlequin, to stand as long as possible in a difficult position,) instead of exhibiting the agitated, bewildered, hurrying scorn and terror, natural to a young and virtuous lady in such a moment, and splendidly manifested in the speech assigned to her by Shakespeare. Yet we doubt not her performance of this difficult part will be (as it ought to be) very popular. Nor will it be the less liked on account of her appearance, as Fidele, in a page's garb, which, like all the dresses we have seen her in, shows (though by no means indecorously) a very elegant and striking person.

Mr. Buckingham's Lectures.—During the present week Mr. Buckingham (with whose name and character our readers are doubtless well acquainted) has been delivering a course of lectures on those countries of the East which he visited in the course of his extended travels; the object of which lectures was not merely to give a succinct and popular view of the geography, antiquities, climate, productions, population, government, and manners of each, but also to exhibit their immense commercial capabilities, and the prospect they offer of furnishing an extensive market for English manufactures, when a free and uninterrupted communication between this country and the Eastern parts of the world shall be attained by the removal of the absurd restrictions arising out of the monopoly of the East India Company.—*Manchester Guardian.*

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

We understand, that into the new Edition of his 'Medical Guide,' Dr. Reece has introduced all the late discoveries in medicine, and several chapters on diet, different temperaments and peculiarities of constitution and sympathies, and about two hundred prescriptions of the most eminent physicians of Europe and America.

LIST OF BOOKS PUBLISHED DURING THE WEEK.

Matthias Domestic Instruction, 2 vols., 18mo., 5s.
Reverend T. Huntington's Testimonies, 1 vol., 8vo., 10s. 6d.
Duffin, on Deformity of the Spine in Females, 7s.
Fielding's Practical Perspective Plates, 18s.
London Pharmacopæia, with Interlinear Translations, 6s. 8vo.
Morning and Evening Sacrifice, Sixth Edition, 12mo., 5s. 6d.
Gibbs's Defence of the Baptists, Second Edition, 8vo., 9s.
Greek Extracts used at Edinburgh Academy, 3s. 6d.
Carwithan's History of the English Church, 2 vols. 8vo., 1l. 6s.
Clift's Collection of Statutes, 4to., 1l. 16s. 6d.
Spanheim's Ecclesiastical Annals, 8vo., with notes, 16s.
Parry's Voyages, pocket size, 4s.
Horn's Phrenology, by John Epps, M.D., 12mo., 3s.
The Grammatical Reading Class Book, by Hellen Hood, 12mo., 3s. 6d.
The Juvenile Speaker, Two Parts, 12mo.
The Opening of the Sixth Seal, Second Edition, 12mo., 5s. 6d.
Tooke's Letter to Lord Grenville, 8vo.
The Arcana of Science and Art, 1829, 5s.
Liefchild's Guide to Reading the Scriptures, 2s. 6d.

WEEKLY METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL.

Temperature registered at 9 A.M. and 5 P.M.	Feb.	Therm. A.M. P.M.	Barom. at Noon.	Winds.	Weather.	Prevailing Clouds.
Mon.	219	24	80.45	S.W.	Clear.	Cirrostratus.
Tues.	323	254	30.45	NE-SW.	Serene.	Cirrus-Cir.
Wed.	433	38	30.41	SW to W	Rain & Cl.	Drizzle.
Thurs.	543	38	30.11	S.E.	Fair Cl.	Drizzle.
Frid.	6374	42	30.18	SW-NW	Mst-Fog	Drizzle.
Sat.	743	43	30.10	N.W.	Rain & Cl.	Drizzle.
Sun.	840	34	30.20	NE to N.	Fair Cl.	Cum.-Stra.

Nights and mornings generally moist and foggy.
Highest temperature at noon, 45°.

Astronomical Observations.

The Moon in Perigee on Wednesday.
Venus's geocentric longitude on Sunday, 14° 7' in Capricorn.
Jupiter's ditto ditto 11° 21' in Sagittarius.
Saturn's ditto ditto 29° 26' in Cancer.
Sun's ditto ditto 19° 33' in Aquarius.
Length of day on Sunday, 9 h. 34 min. Increased, 1 h. 50 m.
Sun's hor. motion on Sunday, 2' 31" plus. Logarithmic num. of distance, 9.99430.

COLOSSEUM.—Tickets for Parties, or Single Tickets at 5s., for admission to the Colosseum, prior to its final completion, to view the interior of the Building—the Rooms preparing for the Annual Subscribers—and the Conservatories, may be had at the North Lodge of the Colosseum; Sans' Library, St. James's-street; Moon, Boys, and Graves, 6, Pall Mall; Ackerman's, Regent-street; and Strand; Taylor's Architectural Library, and Carpenter's Library, Holborn; Harrie's Juvenile Library, St. Paul's Church-yard; Pheny's bookseller, 17, Fleet-street; Richardson's, Royal Exchange; and at the Minerva Library, Leadenhall-street.
The Building will continue open Daily, from 10 to 4, during the next week.

COLONIAL COFFEE MART, WEST BRANCH,
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NICOL and Co., in compliance with numerous solicitation from families of distinction in the western districts of London, have opened a Branch Establishment at 15, Rathbone-place, Oxford-street, where Coffees every day, and the finest qualities are kept, roasted on the premises every day, and sold at the same low scale of prices, which has gained such an extensive share of public patronage and support to the Original Warehouse, established by the West India Planters and Merchants, at 18, Fenchurch-street, City.
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"The Medical Guide," by Dr. Reece, is, in fact, the only work that has appeared for domestic reference from a Physician of experience; and we boldly assert that, to the Profession as well as the general readers, it will prove a more useful and scientific practical guide than any system of medicine that has been published in Europe. We have thus candidly and freely expressed our opinion of this work, because attempts have lately been made to palm some miserable compilations on the public by friendly criticisms, clearly written by men ignorant of medicine.—*John Bull, Dec. 21, 1828.*
Printed for Longman and Co., Paternoster-row.

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AT A PUBLIC MEETING of the MERCHANTS and other INHABITANTS of the TOWN of LIVERPOOL, held in the Court-Room, in the New Sessions-House, Chapel-street, on Wednesday, the 28th day of January, 1825, For the purpose of taking into consideration the best means of removing the Restrictions imposed upon Commerce by the present Charter of the East India Company, and of prevailing on the Legislature to secure to the Public all those benefits which a free commercial intercourse with India and China is capable of affording.

The Worshipful the MAYOR, in the Chair;

On the motion of John Gladstone, Esq., seconded by William Rathbone, Esq., Resolved unanimously, 1st.—That the opening of a Free Trade to China, and the removal of the restrictions which impede the commerce between this country and India, would be productive of incalculable benefits, both to this Kingdom and to the British Territories in the East Indies. That the extent of these benefits may in some degree be estimated, though very imperfectly, from the fact that since 1814, the period when the present limited and partial intercourse with India was permitted, notwithstanding the vexatious restrictions by which the British Merchant has found himself impeded at every step, the commerce in many staple commodities has increased beyond the most sanguine expectation, while new sources of profitable interchange still offer themselves to British skill and enterprise.

On the motion of James Cropper, Esq., seconded by Henry Booth, Esq., Resolved unanimously, 2d.—That it appears from official returns, that, in the year 1814, there were exported to India 604,900 yards of printed calicoes, and 213,408 yards of plain calicoes; while, in 1827, the export of printed calicoes was 14,362,531 yards, and of plain, 19,932,580; the increase in the export of plain calicoes, the description commonly worn by the natives, being ninety-three-fold. That of cotton twist, so late as 1823, the export to India was only 121,500 lbs. weight; while, in 1827, the export was 3,663,968 lbs. weight, and has since been progressively increasing. That in metals, hardware, earthenware, and many other goods, an immense increase of our export has also taken place. That in the year 1819, the settlement of Singapore, at that time resorted to chiefly by pirates, was taken possession of by the British Government, and made a Free Port; and, in 1827, its import trade amounted to 13,97,155 Sicca rupes, with a corresponding export: thus showing the extensive benefits to be derived from a free commercial intercourse, and altogether affording a greatly increased and increasing field of employment for British shipping.

On the motion of John Ewart, Esq., seconded by William Wallace Currie, Esq., Resolved unanimously, 3d.—That, notwithstanding this great increase in the demand for British manufactures, the present circumstances of the trade show clearly, that a morbid and defective system of commercial policy alone prevents the further and rapid growth of the trade between this country and India; for, while gold and silver were formerly exported to purchase the products of the East, the demand for British manufactures, notwithstanding the gloomy predictions of the East India Company of the want of markets, has increased to such an extent as to be limited only by the insufficiency of the products of the country for the purpose of returns; an insufficiency which is caused by the levying of heavy transit duties on the intercourse with the interior, and by arbitrary restrictions on the settlement and residence of Englishmen, as well as on the employment of British capital on the fertile but neglected soils of Hindostan.

On the motion of J. T. Alston, Esq., seconded by O. Heyworth, Esq., Resolved unanimously, 4th.—That the cultivation of Indigo indirectly by Europeans (at present permitted on sufferance by the East India Company) has rapidly increased, till the produce now amounts in value to about two millions sterling per annum, affording the principal supply of every market of consumption in the world, and satisfactorily proving the vast capabilities of the soil, if allowed to be called forth by adequate capital, skill, and enterprise.

On the motion of Thomas Littledale, Esq., seconded by David Hodgson, Esq., Resolved unanimously, 5th.—That, while the exclusive privileges and arbitrary rule of the East India Company are thus injurious, as regards the commerce with India, the absolute prohibition enforced by the Charter against British subjects trading with China—a trade at once vast, extensive, and lucrative, and which the inhabitants of all nations (Englishmen only excepted) are permitted to enjoy—is still more oppressive and unjust. That, although the opening of trade to China and the East may seem more immediately important to the mercantile and manufacturing interests, it would, nevertheless, be of extreme value to the agriculturist, the fundholder, and annuitant; from the great amount of wealth it would bring into the country, and from the consequent increase of commercial revenue which would be available for the reduction of internal taxation.

On the motion of Robert Benson, Esq., seconded by Thomas Brocklebank, Esq., Resolved unanimously, 6th.—That the article of tea affords a prominent instance of the injurious effects of monopoly, the present price in London, free of duty, being more than 100 per cent. above the price in the neighbouring ports of Europe; thus imposing upon the people of this country a burthen of upwards of two millions and a half sterling per annum for the sole benefit of the East India Company, whilst the Legislature has declared its intention that Great Britain should be supplied with tea as cheaply as Continental Europe. That by the 18th Geo. II., cap. 26, sec. 11, a power was reserved to the Lords of the Treasury to grant permission to individuals to import tea from the Continent of Europe, in case the East India Company should neglect to supply the market with a sufficient quantity of that article, in order, as is expressly declared by the Legislature, to keep the price in this country upon an equality with the price in the neighbouring countries of Europe; and that so late as the year 1822, by 3rd George IV., cap. 43, sec. 21, this law of George II. is expressly re-enacted as existing unrevoked and unaltered. That in the year 1825, being the 6th George IV., an act, cap. 105, was passed for the purpose of repealing a great number of Acts of Parliament relative to the commerce of this country, in order to simplify the laws of the Customs, with the avowed declaration, as is stated in the preamble, that the purposes for which these acts had been from time to time made should be secured by new enactments, establishing their provisions

more perspicuously. That by the Act of the sixth of the present reign, the power for securing to the public a supply of tea, as cheap as it might be had in other neighbouring countries, was, it is presumed, unintentionally swept away from the statute book. That in the same Session of Parliament, and simultaneously therewith, another Act was passed, cap. 107; which, whilst it professes to secure, by re-enactment, the purposes for which the acts so repealed were made, not only omits to secure to the Lords of the Treasury the power which had been previously so wisely given, in respect to the supply of tea, but absolutely restricts the importation thereof from any place but that of its growth, and by the East India Company, and into the port of London. That thus that salutary and equitable provision, devised by the wisdom and justice of previous Parliaments, has been wholly abrogated; and, as no equivalent advantage was given to the public, it is considered clear that this provision has been inadvertently withdrawn, and that, consequently, it is not only competent to the Legislature, but incumbent upon it, to pass such enactments as will restore to the Lords of the Treasury the power so unaccountably revoked.

On the motion of Samuel Hope, Esq., seconded by Charles Tayler, Esq., Resolved unanimously, 7th.—That independently of commercial considerations, this meeting contemplates with deep concern the state of mental debasement in which the mighty population of Hindoostan has been hitherto doomed to remain; while it is evident, that a free and enlarged intercourse with the country, aided by a liberal and humane legislation, seems alone wanting to extend the benefit of civilization, to put an end (if the intervention of the Legislature should not sooner effect it) to the horrible custom of the burning of widows, together with other revolting superstitions, and to confer intelligence and happiness on millions of our fellow beings, possessing the strongest claims on our sympathy and protection.

On the motion of Adam Hodgson, Esq., seconded by George Grant, Esq., resolved unanimously, 8th.—That this meeting, strongly impressed with the importance of a well-organised effort on the part of the British people to oppose and endeavour to prevent the renewal of the East India Company's monopoly, and destructive powers, earnestly exhorts the inhabitants of other towns to the calm but determined expression of the public sentiment against the further continuance of a system so partial and oppressive in its immediate operation, as well as so inimical to the best interests of this country and of mankind.

On the motion of John Bourne, Esq., seconded by Thomas Leatham, Esq., Resolved unanimously, 9th.—That in furtherance of the special objects stated in the 6th Resolution, with reference to the importation of Tea from the Continent, petitions, as now read, be presented to both Houses of Parliament in the ensuing session; and that the Earl of Derby and Lord Skelmersdale be requested to present and support the same in the House of Lords, and the Members for this borough in the House of Commons; and that the support of all Peers and Members of Parliament connected with the county be respectfully solicited.

On the motion of Thomas Thornely, Esq., seconded by T. B. Barclay, Esq., Resolved unanimously, 10th.—That as the East India Company's Charter will expire by law in 1834, provided the Company shall have received three years' notice from the Legislature to that effect; and as the discussion of this great question before Parliament must consequently take place early in the year 1834, if not before, this Meeting is of opinion no time should be lost in awaking the country to a just sense of the merits and importance of the whole subject.—That a Committee, therefore, be now appointed, to aid in carrying into effect the purport of the foregoing resolutions, by requesting the co-operation and support of the Mayor and Common Council of Liverpool; by the collecting of evidence; by corresponding with similar committees in other towns; by being prepared, when the proper time shall arrive, with petitions to the Legislature; and, generally, by adopting such measures as they may deem advisable to forward the great object which this meeting has in view, and that the following Gentlemen be the Committee, with power to add to their numbers, and seven shall be competent to act:

The Mayor of Liverpool for the time being,

J. T. Alston	John Gladstone	Nicholas Robinson
John Bolton	George Grant	W. Rathbone
Robert Benson	John Garnett	Richard Radcliffe
John Bourne	Samuel Hope	W. Rotherham
James Bourne	Ormerod Heyworth	Edward Rushton
E. Balnes, Jun.	Adam Hodgson	Edward Roscoe
Henry Booth	Charles Horsfall	John Smith
T. Brocklebank	Joseph Hornby	Charles Tayler
T. B. Barclay	Thomas Littledale	Thomas Thornely
James Cropper	Thomas Leatham	W. Ward
W. Wallace Currie	Joseph Leigh	Daniel Willink
John Ewart	W. Myers	Daniel Willis
W. Earle, Jun.	A. Mally	Joseph B. Yates
Hardman Earle	Alexander Maxwell	John A. Yates
Willis Earle, Jun.	W. Potter	

Moved by John Gladstone, Esq., and seconded by James Cropper, Esq., Resolved unanimously, 11th.—That a Subscription be opened, and placed at the disposal of the Committee now appointed, for the purposes before stated; and that the Mayor be requested to transmit copies of the foregoing Resolutions and Petition to the Sheriffs of Counties and Chief Magistrates of the principal trading and manufacturing Towns in the United Kingdom, with a request that the important objects therein set forth may be brought under the consideration of the inhabitants—especially the question of the importation of Tea from the Continent, as explained in the Petition and 6th Resolution, which calls for the prompt and active interference of every town and village in the kingdom.

NICHOLAS ROBINSON, Mayor.

The Mayor having left the Chair, on the motion of William Myers, Esq., seconded by William Rathbone, Esq., the Thanks of the Meeting were unanimously voted to his Worship for calling the Meeting, and for his able conduct in the Chair.

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